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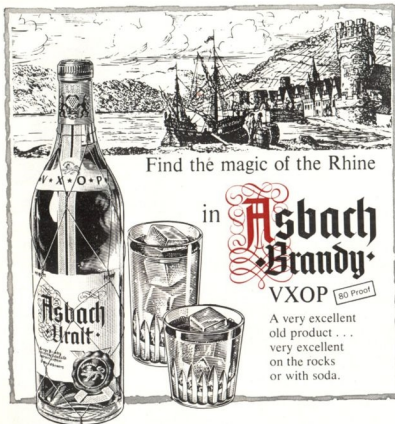
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, October 22

GOODBYE, CITY HALL (NET, 9-10 p.m.).* Outgoing Mayors Jerome Cavanagh, Detroit, Joseph Barr, Pittsburgh, Arthur Naf-talin, Minneapolis, and Allen Thompson, Jackson, Miss., discuss municipal pressures, problems and palliatives at the executive residence in Detroit.

Thursday, October 23

NET PLAYHOUSE (NET, 8:30-10 p.m.). *The Battle of Culioden* is a documentary re-construction done in newsreel fashion of the last battle to be fought on British soil and its aftermath. Repeat.

IT TAKES A THIEF (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Senta Berger and Nigel Patrick are the guest stars in a comic caper, "Flowers from Alexander."

Saturday, October 25

WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 6-7:30 p.m.). A boxing match between the U.S. and Russia is covered live from Caesars Palace in Las Vegas.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 8:30-11 p.m.). Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joan Greenwood and Diane Cilento in the many-Oscared film version of Henry Fielding's *Tom Jones* (1963). This romantic romp in 18th century England was directed by Tony Richardson.

Sunday, October 26

MEET THE PRESS (NBC, 1-1:30 p.m.). The Shah of Iran takes on members of the Fourth Estate.

DEDICATION CONCERT AT JUILLIARD (CBS, 5:30-7 p.m.). Live coverage of the dedication concert from Alice Tully Hall, featuring performances by Van Cliburn, Shirley Verrett, Itzhak Perlman, with Leopold Stokowski and Jean Morel sharing the direction of a 70-piece symphony orchestra.

LAND OF THE GIANTS (ABC, 7-8 p.m.). Sugar Ray Robinson is a trumpet-playing giant who promises freedom to the crew of a wrecked spaceship if Copilot Don Marshall will agree to give him jazz lessons on the horn.

IT'S THE GREAT PUMPKIN, CHARLIE BROWN (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). Let's all gather in the punkin' patch and see if the Great One will appear this year. Repeat.

THE BOLD ONES (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A convicted murderer is given a retrial after seven years of imprisonment on Death Row in "If I Should Wake Before I Die." District Attorney Washburn (Hari Rhodes) and the deputy chief (Leslie Nielsen) disagree on his guilt.

Monday, October 27

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE (CBS, 9:30 p.m. to conclusion). The New York Giants v. the Dallas Cowboys in Dallas.

Tuesday, October 28

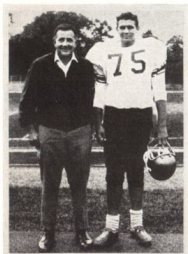
THE UNDERSEA WORLD OF JACQUES COUS-TEAU (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Cousteau and the crew of the *Calypso* track California Grey Whales.

THE RED SKELTON SHOW (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). John Wayne celebrates his 40th year in movies by joining Red in a few familiar-sounding skits like "The High and

* All times E.D.T.

TIME, OCTOBER 24, 1969

The generation gap: it may be America's best hope.



Millions of young Americans not only stand taller than their fathers—they're aiming higher. Sometimes, in a different direction.

They have a vision of a more equal economy and society, and the will to take part in shaping them.

Over 7,000,000 young men and women are now in our colleges and universities. Keeping up with their numbers, and the challenge of filling their knowledge needs, has brought about a financial crisis in higher education.

Tuitions, on the average, pay only 1/3 the cost of educating a student. The other 2/3 must come from other sources. And the difference in dollars amounts to billions.

Our higher education must keep moving ahead—with more facilities, larger faculties—and academic advances that will help this generation move ahead.

It can't be done without more help from more individuals, more businesses—with gifts and grants that encourage progress and innovation.

To better understand the need, ask a college.

**Give to the college
of your choice.**



the Flighty" and "Hominy and True Grit." The Baja Marimba Band makes music for the occasion.

NET FESTIVAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). "ACT Now" goes backstage to examine the professional training program of William Ball's American Conservatory Theater in San Francisco.

THEATER

On Broadway

A PATRIOT FOR ME. When John Osborne steps into the spotlight and throws a night-long temper tantrum, the dramatic results are explosively and corrosively alive. But when he goes rummaging through history for his theme, he is far less successful. *A Patriot for Me* tells the story of Alfred Redl, a homosexual officer in the army of the decaying Austro-Hungarian Empire who was blackmailed by the Russians into turning traitor. Osborne's characters are not immersed in history; they merely wear it like a costume supplied by the wardrobe mistress. Maximilian Schell as Redl is as frostily remote as his monocle.

FORTY CARATS. Julie Harris stars in this frothy French farce that pleads for a single standard of judgment on age disparity in marriage.

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM. Woody Allen plays Woody Allen in his comedy about a neurotic young man who is rejected even by the girls of his fantasies.

Off Broadway

A WHISTLE IN THE DARK has the raw, roiling energy of life observed with an exactitude that defies disbelief. The Carneys are a pride of Irish gutter lions, bred to the tooth and claw, who move into the home of the only brother who attempts to flee their world of lacerating animal instinct. The performances are all labors of skill and love, and Arvin Brown's deft direction is full of silent music.

ADAPTATION—NEXT. Elaine May directs both her own play, *Adaptation*, and Terrence McNally's *Next* in an evening of perceptive and richly comic one-acters.

NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY. Charles Gordon's story of black-white and black-black relations is flawed by melodrama; yet the play ticks with menace and is unexpectedly and explosively funny.

OH! CALCUITTA! For a good part of the evening this revue is diverting and civilized, though it scarcely provides the elegant erotica that Kenneth Tynan promised.

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK is a moving tribute to the late playwright Lorraine Hansberry, made up of readings and dramatizations from her writings.

DAMES AT SEA is a delightful parody of the movie musicals of the 1930s, complete with all the frenetic dance routines and a classic cliché: the naive young girl who survives the Broadway jungle to tap her way to stardom.

CINEMA

MEDIUM COOL. Writer-Director Haskell Wexler takes a fictitious plot, places it against an authentic backdrop (the Chicago convention) and explodes a film that is both social and cinematic dynamite.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY. Jon Voight is a strutting phallus, good for nothin' but lovin'; Dustin Hoffman is a septic crippled thief. Together, they create one of the most moving and poignant performances in the history of American film. Though



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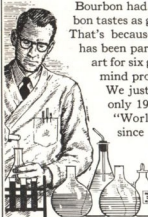
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Director John Schlesinger has decorated the story with stylistic tics, the film stands as a moving study of the lonely and the loveless.

THE WILD BUNCH. "Killing is no fun. I was trying to show what the hell it's like to get shot," says Director Sam Peckinpah about this film that follows a ragtag bunch of bandits as it scrounges through the Southwest. While traveling with the bunch, Peckinpah gives long looks at scenes of uncontrolled frenzy in which the feeling of chaotic violence is overwhelming.

STAIRCASE. Among other things, Richard Burton and Rex Harrison are known for their heterosexuality. Here they show their acting talent by portraying a pair of middle-aged homosexuals, and they do it most convincingly.

ALICE'S RESTAURANT. This is a film about young people that is, as they say, very much together. Taking Arlo Guthrie's hit song of a couple of years ago, Director Arthur Penn has, with a master's touch, fashioned a sad, funny, tragic, beautiful picture of a way of life.

THE GYPSY MOths. Director John Frankenheimer once more brings courage to the fore in this tale of three stunt parachutists bound together by danger. The story bogs down somewhat in heavy-handed philosophy, but Frankenheimer manages to pull the rip cord in time with a brilliant skydiving sequence that makes the moviegoer's time well spent.

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN. Woody Allen makes his debut as a film director. He also co-authored this zany crime flick and plays the starring role of a crook. What's more, he makes it all work.

EASY RIDER. A major movie on an old theme—youth searching for where it's at. The props are familiar—drugs and mo-



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torcycles—but Director Dennis Hopper (who also co-stars with Peter Fonda) puts starch in what has become worn material. Though self-pity gets more footage than it deserves, a brilliant performance by Newcomer Jack Nicholson, plus the use of hard-core Americans playing themselves, makes the youths' odyssey Homeric indeed.

TRUE GRIT. It's the Duke at his best. In what could have been just another western, John Wayne shows true grit in this cornball shoot-'em-up.

BOOKS

Best Reading

AMBASSADOR'S JOURNAL, by John Kenneth Galbraith. Kept during the author's two years as Ambassador to India, this diary is rare both for first-rate prose and succinct, irreverent opinion ("The more underdeveloped the country, the more overdeveloped the women").

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, by Antonia Fraser. A rich, billowing biography of a pretty queen who, by casting herself as a religious martyr, has upstaged her mortal enemy, Queen Elizabeth I, in the imagination of posterity.

THEM, by Joyce Carol Oates. A family's battle to escape the economic and spiritual depression of urban American life is the theme of this novel by the author of *A Garden of Earthly Delights* and *Expensive People*.

CUSTER DIED FOR YOUR SINS, by Vine Deloria. A savagely funny and perceptive book by a young member of the Standing Rock Sioux tribe examines the modern

plight of red men beset by white plunderers and progressives alike.

MY LIFE WITH MARTIN LUTHER KING JR., by Coretta Scott King. Intimate touches and a personal context lend new dimensions and drama to the life of her doomed and dedicated husband.

DR. BOWDLER'S LEGACY: A HISTORY OF EX-PURGATED BOOKS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA, by Noel Perrin. Examining the literary atrocities of squeamish expurgators, the author has created a brilliant little work of cultural history full of wit and learning.

THE WATERFALL, by Margaret Drabble. The author's finest novel is a superb audit of the profits and losses of love for a woman threatening to destroy herself.

THE EGG OF THE GLAK AND OTHER STORIES, by Harvey Jacobs. Bizarre urban fairy tales delivered with the kick and rhythm of a nightclub comedian.

JESUS REDISCOVERED, by Malcolm Muggeridge. The 66-year-old British cultural curmudgeon writes tellingly of the ways, means and meditations that led to his conversion to Christianity.

FAT CITY, by Leonard Gardner. A brilliant exception to the general rule that boxing fiction seldom graduates beyond the level of caricature.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND RELATIVES, by Gerald Durrell. Zoology begins at home, or at least that's the way it seems to Naturalist Durrell, who recalls his boyhood infatuation with animals and his family's strained tolerance of some of the things that followed him into the house.

THE COST OF LIVING LIKE THIS, by James Kennaway. An intense and coldly realistic novel about a man's coming to terms

with two women who love him and the cancer that is pinching off his life.

THE FRENCH: PORTRAIT OF A PEOPLE, by Sanche de Gramont. Only the cuisine comes off unscathed in this analysis vinaigrette of the French national character.

COLLECTED ESSAYS, by Graham Greene. The novelist repeatedly drives home the same obsessive point: "Human nature is not black and white but black and grey."

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Godfather*, Puzo (1 last week)
2. *The Love Machine*, Susann (2)
3. *Portnoy's Complaint*, Roth (5)
4. *The Andromeda Strain*, Crichton (6)
5. *The Promise*, Potok (8)
6. *Naked Came the Stranger*, Ashe (3)
7. *The Pretenders*, Davis (4)
8. *In This House of Brede*, Godden
9. *A Place in the Country*, Gainham (10)
10. *The Goodbye Look*, Macdonald

NONFICTION

1. *My Life with Jacqueline Kennedy*, Gallagher (2)
2. *The Peter Principle*, Peter and Hull (1)
3. *The Kingdom and the Power*, Talese (3)
4. *My Life and Prophecies*, Dixon and Noorbergen (7)
5. *The Making of the President 1968*, White (4)
6. *The Honeycomb*, St. Johns (5)
7. *Prime Time*, Kendrick (8)
8. *Between Parent and Teenager*, Ginott (6)
9. *Captive City*, Demaris (10)
10. *The American Heritage Dictionary*



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TIME, OCTOBER 24, 1969

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LETTERS

Oh, How We Cheered

Sir: I recall that, not so long ago, a young President stated that "we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and the success of liberty." And oh, how we cheered.

Let history record that on Oct. 15, an alarming portion of my generation and a significant number of an older generation who ought to know better, converged on Washington to finally repudiate those words because, alas, in a remote corner of the globe, the price had indeed become too high, the burden too heavy, the hardship too great and the foe too strong.

And so the demonstrators march, and work for a peace in the spirit of Chamberlain, while many of my friends fight and die in the only spirit America has really ever known—that of self-sacrifice, courage and determination—for a hard and bitter peace, dare I say, a peace with honor. It will be a sad day when, as a nation, we can be satisfied with less.

CHARLES J. MYSAK, '72
George Washington University
Washington, D.C.

Sir: I wholeheartedly agree with those who demand an immediate, 100% withdrawal of our troops from Viet Nam. The war has been lost. Lyndon Johnson's capitulation in March 1968 merely served to punctuate the defeat. From that day forward, the future of the people of South Viet Nam was no longer at issue.

The Communist victory was not won at Chu Lai, Danang or Bien Hoa, or at any of those now not so strange sound places. The victory was won exactly where Ho Chi Minh had known and said it would be won, in the hearts and minds of the American people: "The people of the United States do not have the determination to persevere in the struggle in Southeast Asia. When they grow tired of fighting, we will still be here."

Yes, I join in the protest. I protest in the name of those who have given their lives in vain. In the name of those who believe all men have the right to self-determination, in the name of those who believe that no man is free until all men are free.

CHARLES M. FREELAND
Dyer, Ind.

Sir: When I arrived at Yale for the beginning of the academic year, I said to myself, "Marty, in no way whatsoever will you let yourself be affected by the new coeds." Thus when Mr. Nixon rephrased my sentiments in regard to the Oct. 15 Moratorium, I could sympathize with him. But demonstrations, like girls, have their own particular warmth and, I might add, their own effect. It's going to be a long year for both of us, Mr. President.

MARTIN FEIGENBAUM, '72
Yale College
New Haven, Conn.

Sir: How about the class of '73? Glance through TIME and read about the war, Judge Haynsworth, the Green Berets, the Chicago trials, the hippie hunting, the Russian Jews and the Czechs. Then see if you don't feel a little disgusted with the status quo and the people who make the policies that determine how the rest of the world will live, if at all.

BILL ABBOTT, '73
Michigan State University
East Lansing, Mich.

Mood of the Middle

Sir: For Mr. Hugh Sidney [Oct. 10] to assume that President Nixon was elected by his clever "use of cosmetics and electronics" is to assume that we "middle Americans" (whom you newsmen like to champion) are too dull of wit to comprehend the issues that confronted us in the recent election.

Perhaps it follows that we are also too dull-witted to comprehend his subtle disappointment that Nixon's troubles "have been modest in scale"—no Bay of Pigs, no Cuban missile confrontation, no Tet offensive, no major domestic riots. We "middle Americans" might just like the "mood of calm" Mr. Nixon has evoked.

The "superficiality" of the presidency really lies in the superficial analysis accorded it by Mr. Sidney.

(MRS.) HELEN WHITWORTH
Midland, Texas

Put the Blame on Mame

Sir: *Aedes aegypti* has indeed changed the course of history more effectively than any other animal, as your excellent "Hanoi Fever" story implied [Oct. 10].

WALLACE KIRKLAND



session, she followed me to the loft where I slept and in the darkness I heard the blood-cry of her wings. One hour old, right on schedule, she extracted her photographer's model fee.

WALLACE KIRKLAND
Oak Park, Ill.

Crumbling Foundations

Sir: Thanks for accurately portraying one of the atrocities taking place in our country every day ["Atlanta: The Great Hippie Hunt," Oct. 10]. It seems that one of the great foundations of the U.S., the concept of individual freedom, has fallen by the wayside.

TIMOTHY JELINEK
Platteville, Wis.

Sir: I have never before felt comfortable with the word pig used to describe members of our police forces, but if the living caricature—nightstick and hippie in hand—shown with your article is an example, I now can accept that appellation.

Harassment based on mode of dress, cut of hair, or a person's unwanted (unwanted by whom?) presence in a public park cannot be justified in this country.

DALE F. LYTTON
Laguna Beach, Calif.

Child of Nature

Sir: Congratulations to Ian McHarg for his comments on the arrogance of man [Oct. 10], which is fostered by Christianity and capitalism.

Man's view of himself as the favored child of the universe has only led him to

poison, pollute, exploit and overcrowd this earth. Man must realize that he is a part of nature; it does not exist solely for his benefit.

MRS. JOHN H. HICKS
Austin, Texas

Sir: McHarg's *Design with Nature* is a welcome revamping of America's ticky-tacky suburbs; but there is a tragic flaw undermining his philosophy: "The 100 million more people we expect in the next few decades could be settled in 100 new cities." Imagine America absorbing 100 more Baltimore and Cleveland!

America used to be a magnificent land because its vast natural resources were lavished on a small population. Today our shrinking stock of resources is being raped for the "benefit" of a big population. If we tacitly accept more bloating of our population, we will smother this great land and its cherished goal of quality in human existence.

STEVE ARNO
Missoula, Mont.

Antidote for Poison

Sir: Hoorary for Senator Gaylord Nelson's conviction that the "hottest ground in U.S. protest is conservation" [Oct. 10]. I can sympathize with housewives who get up in arms over pollution. After trying to cook some vegetables that I could smell the insecticide in, I began to grow my own—without the poisons. My sympathy to those who do not have the time and space to do the same.

MARGIELE JOHNS ROZZEL
Tyler, Texas

Sir: The parody on *America the Beautiful* in your article needs two more verses:

*O beautiful for bug-filled skies
For weevils in the grain
For apple scab, and stable flies
Please bring these back again!
Malaria! Malaria!
Red blood cells harbor thee!
And graveyards know you make
their grow
From sea to shining sea.*

*Where Rocky Mountain fever thrives
Where babies have T.B.
Where parasites take human lives
Why that's the land for me!
Malaria! Malaria!
My spleen will welcome thee!
Restore the sickness grandpa knew,
By banning DDT!*

THOMAS H. JUKES
Berkeley, Calif.

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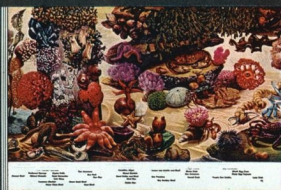
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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Henry Lee III

TIME's Sept. 5 issue with New York's go-go Mets on its cover was hardly off the presses before the letters started pouring in. "I winced," groaned one New Yorker. "A Time cover has so often been a hex. Let's hope the Mets survive your curse." Chuckled a Chicagoan, whose Cubs were then still in first place: "Many thanks for the 'kiss of death' cover story on the Mets." Shortly thereafter, the Mets swept a three-game series with the Cubs, and the rest is glorious history. Cartoonist Willard Mullin, who drew the original cover, shows how baseball's angry babies have suddenly grown to manhood.

The notion that a TIME SPORT cover is a jinx dates back to the 1930s—possibly to the day in 1936 when a spectacular rookie named Joe DiMaggio went 0 for 5 at the plate and flubbed two easy chances in the field just as his portrait appeared on TIME's cover. Long-memoried readers sometimes remind us that Leo Durocher's year-long banishment from baseball started with his cover in April 1947, that Golf-er Ben Hogan lost the Los Angeles Open the week of his cover in 1949 and that undefeated Navy was stunningly upset by S.M.U. in 1963 as TIME's cover on Quarterback Roger Staubach went to press. Yet TIME's editors plead innocent of any whammy. Overall, the good luck has overwhelmingly outweighed the bad. Gaffer Jack Nicklaus and Prizefighter Cossack Lay, for example, were relative unknowns when they were on TIME's cover: within a year they were at the pinnacle of their sports. Decathlon Ace Bob Mathias, Tennis Star Althea Gibson and Hockey Great Bobby Hull, to name just a few, will testify that no gremlins visited them after TIME covers. As for baseball, Detroit's Denny McLain responded to his cover story last year

by going on to win an incredible 31 games—and then helped his Tiger teammates to a World Series victory. But our best witness for the defense has got to be America's Cup Yachtsman Bus Moshbacher, who was on our cover in August 1967. A few weeks later, he sailed *Intrepid* to four straight victories for the U.S. over Australian Challenger *Dume Patie*. And guess what Bus had pasted below decks to *Intrepid*'s bulkhead? That's right. TIME's cover.



Readers may be surprised to see that this week's BOOKS section contains 70 capsule reviews instead of the usual full-length critiques. The idea was born one day recently when Senior Editor Tim Foote and Books Reviewer George Dickerson were examining the enormous fall list. "Let's do them all," said George, jokingly. "All right, let's," replied Foote, and assigned himself 16 books. Dickerson got 13 and Reviewer Ron Sheppard wound up with twelve; the rest were spread out among 18 other staffers. "There are so many books in the fall," says Foote. "And they're like messages in bottles. We hate to think of what we're missing."

The Cover: Photographic collage by Norman Gorbarty.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

October 24, 1969 Vol. 94, No. 17

THE NATION

M-DAY'S MESSAGE TO NIXON

THEIR numbers were not overwhelming. Probably not many more than 1,000,000 Americans took an active part in last week's Moratorium Day demonstrations against the Viet Nam war; that is barely half of 1% of the U.S. population. Yet M-day 1969 was a peaceful protest without precedent in American history because of who the participants were and how they went about it. It was a calm, measured and heavily middle-class statement of weariness with the war that brought the generations together in a kind of sedate Woodstock Festival of peace. If the young were the M-day vanguard, many in the ranks wore the housewife's apron and the businessman's necktie, and many who clamored to enlist were political leaders.

In most of the nation, TIME correspondents found that the size and vitality of the M-day turnout exceeded dispassionate expectations. Even in the Midwestern heartland, reported Chicago Bureau Chief Champ Clark, "so many of these folks—far from being professional liberals or agitators or youths simply trying to avoid the draft—were pure, straight middle-class adults who had simply decided, in their own pure, straight middle-class way, that it was time for the U.S. to get the hell out of the war in Viet Nam."

Even Tenor. The impact of M-day was more than the sum of its disparate parts. Hundreds of thousands of Americans found, face to face, that they had a common cause. Those who participated actively may be only the visibly restive; many sympathizers and many others merely interested watched the day's events unfold on television. "Probably the majority of the country were touched in some way by the outpouring," TIME Washington Bureau Chief Hugh Sidey concluded. "It was the collection of smaller events in the churches, the schools, the town halls and on the sidewalks that gave M-day its meaning."

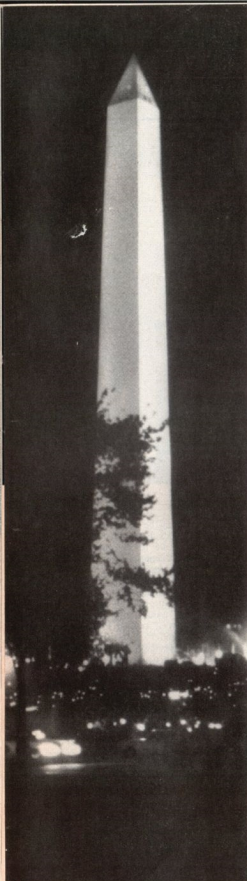
New York provided an extraordinary juxtaposition of moods as the Mets won the World Series the day after M-day. For a few hours, the paper pouring down into Manhattan streets suggested a return to normality and a celebration of all the usual pleasures—and exceptional miracles—of everyday life. But this could not erase the deep weariness and despair over the war.

The President had expressed his

doubts that the demonstrations would tell him anything new. What, in fact, was M-day's message to Richard Nixon? Many participants demanded immediate and total withdrawal from Viet Nam of all U.S. forces. Yet the Moratorium by no means constituted a call to the President for that solution—although it evidently gained new respectability and popularity (see story on page 20). What M-day did raise was an unmistakable sign to Richard Nixon that he must do more to end the war and do it faster. Unless the pace of progress quickens, he will have great difficulty maintaining domestic support for the two or three years that he believes he needs to work the U.S. out of Viet Nam with honor and in a way that would safeguard U.S. interests and influence in the world.

Letter from Hanoi. His response to the Moratorium has been ambivalent. On Sept. 25, he announced sternly that "under no circumstances will I be affected by it whatever." Last week, seeking to mollify the outraged response to his disdain, Nixon picked out an admonitory letter from Randy Dicks, a 19-year-old Georgetown University student, and made public his reply. "There is a clear distinction between public opinion and public demonstrations," Nixon wrote to Dicks. A demonstration, Nixon argued, expresses only the view of an organized minority; what the great mass of Americans feel may well be something else entirely.

Next day, however, the conciliatory mood shifted. North Viet Nam's Prime Minister Pham Van Dong released a letter to the U.S. peace movement that concluded: "May your fall offensive succeed splendidly." "It was too good to pass up," says White House Communications Director Herb Klein. Nixon summoned Vice President Spiro Agnew for a half-hour meeting, after which Agnew told the press that the M-day leaders "should openly repudiate the support of the totalitarian government which has on its hands the blood of 40,000 Americans." For the protest impresarios to ignore the Hanoi letter, said Agnew, "would bring their objectives into severe question." Dong and Agnew each made a tactical error. The Communists, obviously misunderstanding American politics, damaged the M-day cause in the U.S. by embracing



BY AP/WIDEWORLD

it. The Vice President anachronistically evoked the rigid anti-Communism of the 1950s by trying to damn M-day participants with guilt by association.

Then Nixon released an off-the-record statement made earlier in which he had predicted that the U.S. would be out of the war within three years "on a basis that will promote peace in the Pacific." That deadline happens to coincide with the presidential election. He had already scheduled an address to the nation on Viet Nam for Nov. 3, just a year and two days after Lyndon Johnson ended all U.S. bombing of North Viet Nam. In it, he is likely to propose new action. If the present battlefield lull continues, Nixon may announce a suspension of the daily B-52 raids, already reduced. He will probably go ahead with a third stage of troop withdrawals, perhaps raising the total cut-back for this year to the nice round figure of 100,000. The annual truce season of Christmas, New Year's and Tet is approaching; Nixon might offer a more extensive truce than has been customary, which, in effect, would be backing into an experimental cease-fire.

Muted Tone. Many of the Moratorium speakers had proposals of their own. The ideas were not necessarily new, but they stimulated talk and thought. In Lewiston, Me., Senator Edmund Muskie called for a standstill cease-fire, followed by orderly U.S. troop withdrawal. Senator Edward Kennedy muted the tone of his earlier criticism of the war to suit the Moratorium mood; for the first time, he asked that the President announce a fixed schedule for pulling out all ground combat forces within a year and all remaining Air Force and Army personnel by the end of 1972. In Washington, former U.N. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg came out for an immediate end to all U.S. offensive military operations, combined with a presidential statement that the U.S. will discuss at the Paris talks a timetable for "prompt and systematic withdrawal." Nixon in the past has accepted the idea of a cease-fire in Viet Nam only if it is supervised by an international body agreed to by both sides. In June, he said that without such surveillance, and "in the case of a guerrilla war, a cease-fire is a grave disadvantage to those forces that are in place." A fixed deadline for withdrawal, he believes, would end any incentive Hanoi now has to negotiate a settlement; he would agree to a specific timetable only if North Viet Nam agreed to pull its forces out on the same schedule.

Senator Barry Goldwater had a plan of his own: resumption of U.S. bombing of North Viet Nam on Nov. 1 if the Paris negotiations remain deadlocked. A fellow Arizona Republican, Representative Sam Steiger, enlisted 14 House members to sign a letter to Nixon demanding "a sudden major escalation of the war with one aim—victory!" Cavalry calls such as this had a *pro forma* ring; no one in Washington expects

Nixon even to consider them seriously.

Says Columbia's Zbigniew Brzezinski, a Johnson Administration adviser on Communist affairs: "What Nixon really needs to do is to convince the public that he actually has a policy." The President's pledge to end the war within three years coincides with Ted Kennedy's own timetable. So if Nixon moves faster—by increasing troop withdrawals, for instance, and putting forward a firmer schedule—he may well get renewed backing from the large moderate center of M-day supporters. Most of them did not criticize his peace efforts with much vehemence until August, when he delayed the second stage of troop pullbacks.

In 1856, Alexis de Tocqueville wrote: "Evils which are patiently endured when they seem inevitable become intolerable when once the idea of escape from them is suggested." To most Americans, those who marched on M-day and those who switched their headlights on in daylight to show their support for Nixon, the war in Viet Nam is at best a necessary evil. The President himself has suggested the idea of escape, and the American supply of endurance is growing shorter daily. Yet sentiment is far from cohesive or even coherent. Many citizens who want out now may not easily swallow the dust of defeat later.

In a moving but cautionary M-day speech on the New Haven green, Yale President Kingman Brewster Jr., who joined Mayor Richard Lee in offering a five-point disengagement plan two weeks ago—warned of another danger to America: "Let us admit that the retreat of our power in the face of a persistent enemy might invite other aggressors to doubt—and doubting, to test—our will to help keep the peace, in Europe, in the Middle East, in Asia. Let us say simply and proudly that our ability to keep the peace also requires above all that America once again become a symbol of decency and hope, fully deserving the trust and respect of all mankind." He added an important caveat: "Let us not make the mistake of saying that defeat is easy to take."

Deep Shock. Strictly speaking, it may be premature to use the word defeat. Still, no matter how the war ends, it is bound to entail some degree—perhaps a high degree—of American loss. What Brewster calls "this wound" will probably provoke deep shock among those many Americans who have nothing in their experience to prepare them for national failure. Instead of making pronouncements about not being the first U.S. President to lose a war, instead of faulting the opposition at home for his difficulties in Southeast Asia, Nixon would perform a better service by preparing the country for the trauma of distasteful reversal—and for the lesson to be learned from it. If he is to heal the wound, he will need unity, not further division. He will need the help of all those who took to the streets last week to try to push him farther along the road out of Viet Nam.

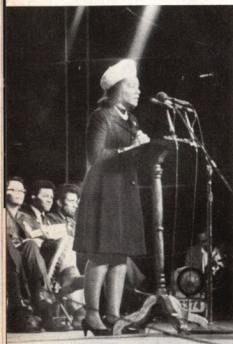


METS CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK

KALEIDOSCOPE OF DISSENT



Eugene McCarthy in Bryant Park



Mrs. King in Washington



Helen Hayes at New York Rally

SAIGON was quiet for a war zone.

In the presidential palace, Nguyen Van Thieu was closeted in his daily conference with aides. U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker was lunching at his residence six blocks away. A handful of American relief workers held a silent vigil. General Creighton Abrams, asked what the Viet Nam Moratorium movement meant to him, replied: "We've got our job to do here and that's what we're doing." Sure enough, an army platoon set out from Chu Lai on combat patrol and killed two guerrillas in a fire-fight. But half the members of the platoon wore the black armbands of M-day.

In Paris, Henry Cabot Lodge, chief of the American negotiating delegation, worked quietly in his quarters at the U.S. embassy, preparing for yet another bargaining session that would produce no bargaining, no progress. In Boston, the ambassador's son, Harvard Business School Professor George Cabot Lodge, conducted a Moratorium Day teach-in for 150 students.

Double Suicide. It was a day of wrenching contrasts. Quiet seminars mulled over the issues of the war while pickets shouted their dissent. Some mass marches developed a football rally spirit; elsewhere a funeral atmosphere dominated as church bells tolled and the names of the war dead were read. A pair of high school sweethearts from Blackwood, N.J., attended an M-day rally at Glassboro State College, then committed suicide together. Across the Hudson, New York's city hall wore the black and purple bunting of mourning. Mayor Herman Zoegemann of Wellington, Kans. (pop. 8,391) cooperated with the American Legion post to drape the town in patriotic tricolor. Across the country—in drenching San Francisco rain, in ankle-deep Denver snow, in crisp New York fall sunshine—Americans took part in a unique national Happening.

Down Commonwealth Avenue a crowd of 100,000 converged on the Boston Common. They were mostly students, but mothers from Newton and Wellesley walked among them, their children wearing black M-day armbands or clutching helium-filled black balloons. From a bar, a man hollered: "Bums! Do they think of the guys who died on Guadalcanal?" Halfway across the nation in front of the Forest Park (Ill.) Selective Service office, miniskirted girls from nearby Rosary College were reciting the names of the Illinois war dead; two elderly clerks inside went on with their work, paying little attention. San Francisco State College President S. I. Hayakawa, a hero to California conservatives for his rhadamanthine handling of student demonstrators in the past, serenely denied that M-day was being observed on his campus. But not far from his office, students planted 2,000 white crosses represent-

ing California's war dead in Viet Nam.

The Moratorium caused split levels of routine and awareness. Almost everyone at the Pentagon seemed to be watching the Mets and Orioles except those in the civil-disturbance center, who were assigned to monitor the U.S. for violence. Richard Nixon spent much of the day reviewing Latin American policy, although his mind doubtless wandered occasionally to the events in his country.

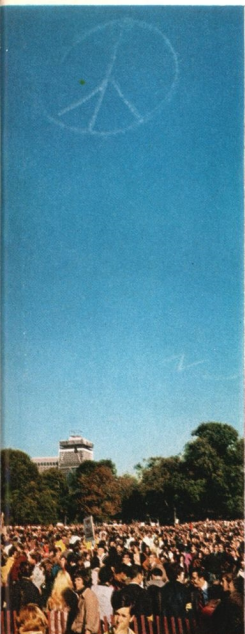
The day fostered juxtapositions improbable to the Western mind and perhaps inscrutable to the Oriental—such as Lyndon Johnson's once intimate adviser, Bill Moyers, addressing a Wall Street crowd of 20,000, among them hundreds of bankers, on the evils of the Establishment's war policies. Former Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz and Radical Tom Hayden participated in Moratorium teach-ins and rallies at the University of Michigan. At Minnesota's Macalester College, an unsmiling Professor Hubert Humphrey heard his vice presidency and position on Viet Nam roundly criticized by young fellow faculty members. The Moratorium pointed up striking new rearrangements of politics and ideology.

In the Detroit suburb of Birmingham, a Republican enclave, more than 1,000 protested in Shain Park. 18 TODAY, DEAD TOMORROW, read one poster. "I fought hard in World War II," said a physician, James Pingel, "but I'm against this one. It's morally wrong. I've got two boys coming up." Malcolm Baldrige, co-chairman of the Connecticut Citizens for Nixon-Agnew in 1968, told a rally of 15,000 in New Haven: "The President should move faster to end the war."

Peace Stuff. What was perhaps most striking about M-day was not the size of the hundreds of rallies and parades but rather the delicate balance temporarily achieved in many sections of the U.S. The formerly shattering voices of protest were more numerous than

Reading list of war dead





*Peace symbol over Boston Common,
at Boston's Old State House.*



At New York's St. Patrick's Cathedral.



Candlelight procession in Miami.



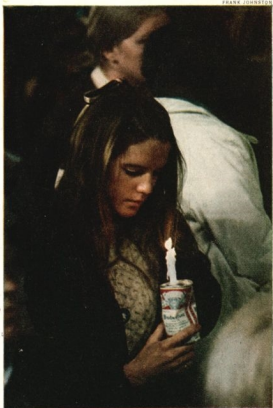
Remembrance at West Los Angeles military cemetery.

FRANK JONKSTON

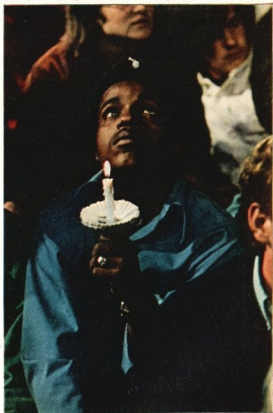




Display of papier-mâché skulls at Johns Hopkins.



Moments of reflection at Washington Monument.





Rained upon at Berkeley's Sproul Plaza.

Anti-Moratorium marchers at Nixon's Whittier College.



Opposing views in Manhattan.

Parading in Miami.



DAVID HUNNETT

ever before, but at the same time less shrill. The old militant certainties of anti-Communists have been tempered by the relentless persistence of the war.

Among the thousands distributing anti-war literature were a group of Stanford students who boarded commuter trains at Palo Alto for the run to San Francisco. Stanford Senior Bob Matson approached one commuter who recoiled: "God damn you, you hippie freak Commie! Get out of here!" "Is that peace stuff?" another asked, "Damn it!" But many passengers were sympathetic. "I hope it all does some good," said one middle-aged businessman. A younger man, who said he was just out of the Navy, admitted: "I can't ride with this war any more. Give me some more material. I'd get a kick out of sending it to some buddies in Hawaii."

Oddly, black Americans took relatively little part in the Moratorium in most areas, even though Mrs. Martin Luther King Jr. led a candlelight parade of 45,000 to the White House. A larger proportion of blacks than whites may be opposed to the war, but their widespread attitude was summed up by a Washington Negro: "Why should I get knocked down in a white folks' march?" As it turned out, few were knocked down or even jostled. Demonstrators and counter-demonstrators generally kept their assaults verbal. Police acted mainly as spectators.

One student at Houston's University of St. Thomas broke down and wept while reading a list of U.S. war dead; he had come to the name of a close friend whose death he was unaware of. Four Notre Dame students burned their draft cards shortly before a "resistance Mass" celebrated for some 2,500 on

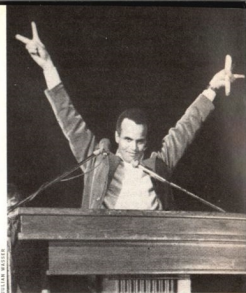
the library lawn. Yet the day was not entirely grim, especially since the almost pathologically humorless Maoist factions boycotted it. Students from Cincinnati's Hebrew Union College circled the city's Federal Building blowing shofars in an effort to bring it down like Jericho; they ran out of wind before completing the Biblically prescribed seven circuits. Three long-hair types in the candlelight procession to the White House carried a sign: KEEP THE BOYS IN VIET NAM, THEY BRING US OUR GRASS. At Ohio's Case Western Reserve University, a placard carried by a member of the Cleveland Symphony said: BRAHMS, NOT BOMBS.

Protest Against Protest. The enormous turnouts at Harvard, the University of Chicago and Cornell were predictable reflections of their recent histories of dissent. But the Moratorium also brought the antiwar movement to smaller, conservative colleges. Students at Kentucky's Jefferson Community College donated blood to the Red Cross as a constructive—and unorthodox—gesture of protest. At Richard Nixon's alma mater in California, Whittier College, 600 students attended a ceremony to light a butane-fueled "Flame of Life" to burn until the war ends. Others at Whittier marched in support of Nixon. At Western Kentucky University, 1,000 undergraduates converged for an M-day rally; the same day, 2,000 appeared for a homecoming rally.

Students were not the only Moratorium participants in the heartland, however. In Boulder, Colo., 12 townspeople asked citizens to volunteer for community projects to show how energies and resources being used in the war could be diverted to social action. Nearly 100 people responded, committing themselves to 500 hours of helping the handicapped, the underprivileged and the sick.

The anti-Moratorium sentiment was strongest in the South and Midwest. Mrs. Donna Long, wife of a Marine sergeant serving in Viet Nam, walked more than 100 miles to the state capitol in Raleigh, N.C., to present an American flag to Governor Bob Scott as "a protest against the protest." Georgia's Governor Lester Maddox inveighed against "long-hairs, hippies, socialists and Communists," led a chorus of *God Bless America* on the State Capitol steps. Red, white and blue arm bands appeared in such cities as Beaumont, Texas, where the city council declared a "Support Our Boys in Viet Nam Day." The Veterans Club at Black Hills State College in Spearfish, S. Dak., hired a plane to buzz the campus, dropping leaflets saying: AMERICA, LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT. Carol Meyers, a topless dancer in Houston, allowed between sets at the Red Baron: "These college students are just young and immature. They haven't seen as much of the world as I have."

Many demonstrations planned to oppose the dissenters failed to ignite. In Memphis, a patriotic rally organized by



Belafonte in Los Angeles



Lindsay & wife at Columbia

a police lieutenant drew only 37 persons. In Oklahoma, a traditionally conservative state that has produced three national commanders of the American Legion, Governor Dewey Bartlett asked the people to fly the flag in support of the President. Still, more than 3,000 attended Moratorium activities at the University of Oklahoma. Senator Fred Harris, who has increasingly angered his Oklahoma constituency by his antiwar stand, addressed overflow audiences at Oklahoma State in Stillwater, "the Buckle of the Bible Belt."

Police and firemen in New York City were outraged at Mayor John Lindsay's directive that all American flags be flown at half-staff on city buildings as part of the Moratorium. One group of cops raised their stationhouse flag to full mast and ringed the flagpole in defiance. Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn was persuaded to demur to Lindsay's request that the flag at city-owned Shea Stadium be flown at half-staff during the fourth World Series game. Yet surprisingly few drivers turned on their headlights to show sup-



port of the Administration's policies.

No one imagined that the demonstrations made instant mass, hawk-to-dove conversions. Even M-day's most enthusiastic backers did not hope for that. Rather they were trying to arouse the uncommitted without enraging those who still back the President. On the morning of M-day, a well-dressed commuter rushing through New York's Grand Central Station stopped when he saw some 200 divinity students conducting a prayer meeting. "Did it ever

occur to you that you might be wrong in what you're doing here?" he demanded of a young, bearded student. "Yes," said the student. "When that happens, I do the best I can: I pray for guidance." But, the commuter replied, "you're lending aid and comfort to the enemy." The student shrugged, and the man began walking away. "Sir," called out the student, "did it ever occur to you that you might be wrong?" The man did not answer, but perhaps he remembered the question.

Patricia Wall's Enlistment

PATRICIA WALL is not an activist.

She is a Democrat of center-stripe conviction, a Roman Catholic, a young (31) suburban (Evanston, Ill.) mother of two and wife of a vice president at the First National Bank of Chicago. Her joiner's urge has been satisfied by participation in the 4-H Club. When she told her husband Bernard that she planned to attend a Moratorium observance at Mundelein College, he had a surprise for her too: he had decided to take part in a businessmen's discussion of the war at his downtown bank.

A year ago, Mrs. Wall, a petite, college-educated brunette, would have

our Christian responsibilities and more deeply committed to our moral obligations, and this, too, led to my decision to participate."

Early Wednesday morning, Pat packed her children off to school and boarded the train to Mundelein, a Catholic girls' school run by the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. She entered Coffey Hall, picked up a black crape armband and some pamphlets in the lobby and went inside to sit down.

About 100 people had shown up for the observance, including teachers, students, nuns and visitors like Pat Wall. They listened intently as Sister Ann Ida Gannon, the school's president, greeted them: "This day will be a failure if most of you let it stop at 4 or 5 o'clock. Today is only a beginning." It was a thoughtful group, not one inclined to swallow any spoon-fed dogmatism. When a bearded teacher began to criticize "our corrupt society" and "our bankrupt electoral system," one woman in the audience objected quietly but firmly that she was there to protest the war in Viet Nam, not the state of society or the electoral system.

Though silent during the discussion, Pat Wall was going through an internal process of decision. Soon a petition was passed around. One woman pointed out that it called for complete and immediate withdrawal of U.S. troops, and refused to sign. She argued that such precipitous action was impractical. When the petition reached Pat, she hesitated, started to pass it along, then got it back and signed.

Later she reflected: "When I went to that meeting this morning, I believe that I was emotionally committed. Now it is more than that. I've enlisted." How would she serve? "I really don't know what we might do next. I just can't tell. We are not the sort of people who picket and hand out pamphlets. But I do think we might have some of the people who spoke this morning over to our home. I'd like to have some of our neighbors in to hear them talk."



PATRICIA WALL

hung back. She was not a hawk, but neither was she a participant in the peace movement. "The whole problem is so complex," she explained, "that for a while it overwhelmed me. But then I began to realize that the complexity of a problem shouldn't be a reason not to do anything." There was another influence working as well: "As my husband and I have grown older, we have become increasingly aware of

WHAT

AS the Moratorium showed, the call is growing for immediate and unconditional U.S. withdrawal from Viet Nam. For a good many, "immediate" means by the end of 1970, as specified in the bill sponsored by New York's Senator Charles E. Goodell. Other Moratorium supporters or sympathizers would not necessarily go that far—at least not yet. Actually, more significant than a deadline is the demand for a public commitment that U.S. forces will be totally withdrawn regardless of progress in Saigon or any other factor. The demand for such a withdrawal has increased significantly. In the words of one Rand expert, "Unilateral withdrawal is now respectable." It seems like such a tempting idea to a great many people, so inviting an end to what has become a national nightmare, that the case needs to be re-examined.

The Case for a Pullout

The argument for immediate withdrawal comes in many forms. To some of its advocates, a kind of moral imperative is involved—the war is evil, the U.S. has no right to be in Viet Nam, the Saigon government is rotten and without popular support, etc.

In its more reasoned and restrained version, however, the argument is persuasive. It goes something like this: The U.S. is pledged to leave anyway. It would indeed be useful if, before departing, the U.S. were to ensure a more or less independent South, but that is a hopeless task—the Saigon regime will not be able to stand on its own for many years to come, if ever. Certainly it will not do so while it can rely on the American presence to prop it up. "Vietnamization" is a sham, or at least so poor a bet that it does not justify the continued war effort.

True, it might be useful for the U.S. to delay its departure, or make it gradual, even if at the end of two or three years the Saigon government were to fall, because the delay would cushion the blow to U.S. prestige and would give the U.S. time to shore up its positions elsewhere. But that advantage is not worth the cost—in lives, in money, and in domestic discord. Bitterness at home is likely to grow so severe, if the war is continued even at a relatively low level, that the U.S. system itself is likely to be seriously impaired. Besides, the longer the war lasts, the stronger will be the sentiment for "No More Viet Nams"—a new isolationism that will cripple future U.S. policy in the world.

The only way out of the Viet Nam impasse, the argument continues, was demonstrated by Charles de Gaulle, who firmly liquidated the French commitment in Algeria, despite all earlier pledges to the contrary. The result was a massive exodus of Frenchmen from Al-

WITHDRAWAL WOULD REALLY MEAN

geria and a temporary loss of national prestige; eventually, though, De Gaulle extricated France from an overwhelming financial and moral burden. In much the same way, a unilateral withdrawal from Viet Nam would free the U.S. from an impossible situation. A frank acceptance of defeat would clear the air, gain America credit for moral courage, and enable the U.S. to start working on a rational foreign policy beyond Viet Nam. "The extent of the cost of the withdrawal has been vastly overstated," says former Under Secretary of State George Ball, who feels that other countries do not regard the war as being in the U.S. national interest. They will have more respect for U.S. judgment if it gets out.

That, in essence, is the nonhysterical argument for immediate withdrawal. It is entirely possible that the U.S. may have to accept this argument eventually. But it does have serious flaws, and an abrupt pullout would have serious consequences for Viet Nam, for U.S. influence in the world, and for domestic peace.

What Would Happen to Saigon?

The first casualty of immediate U.S. withdrawal would almost certainly be the Thieu regime. Middle-ranking civil servants and junior army officers, members of the middle class who lack enough money to emigrate, plus a legion of political opportunists, would begin to desert the government as soon as the U.S. pullout became imminent. Saigon already contains varying gradations of neutralists and peace factions. Once it was clear that U.S. forces were leaving, they could gather enough support to topple Thieu—and a new government dominated by neutralists might even insist that the American army, which would then be an unwanted presence, speed its departure. Various parties would not doubt make their own private deals with the enemy.

It is possible that powerful regional commanders like General Ngo Quang Truong of the ARVN 1st Division might turn into the equivalent of feudal warlords, carving out fiefdoms of their own. The staunchest anti-Communists, like Nguyen Cao Ky, might well fight on, backed primarily by French-trained senior army officers and Catholic refugees from the North. They could perhaps hold out for a time in scattered enclaves. In the end, though, the Communists would almost certainly gobble up the countryside piece by piece and destroy every last area of resistance. They could then reunite the country on their terms, although it is equally possible that they would allow a nominally independent but Communist-dominated South Viet Nam to exist for quite a while.

A lot of war-weary Americans have

reached the point where they are no longer troubled by the prospect of a neutralist regime in Saigon dominated by the Communists or even an all-Communist Viet Nam. Two major points remain troublesome, however: the fate of non-Communist Vietnamese who have relied on the U.S. and the repercussions elsewhere in Asia.

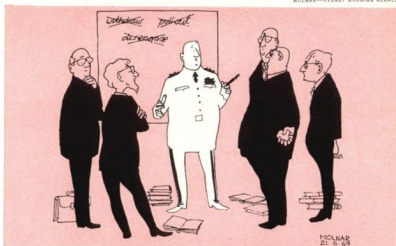
After more than 20 years of warfare, the Communists would not be likely to take a charitable view of their stubborn opponents. Survivors of the war who were active in the Saigon regime would be in clear danger. How much danger is a matter of speculation. Pessimistic observers, like Columnist Joseph Alsop—a frequent visitor to South Viet Nam and still a hawk—believe the victims of execution could number as many as 1,500,000. After the Communists came to power in the North in 1954, they slaughtered countless thousands of peasants in a misdirected program of land redistribution. During last year's Tet offensive, the Communists executed at least 3,000 noncombatants, including women and children, when they occupied Hue.

On the other hand, Senator George McGovern, after talking with N.L.F. representatives in Paris, thought they were

ill treatment of the defeated. At the very least, the U.S. would have a moral responsibility to try to find asylum for any Vietnamese who seek it, though how is another question. It obviously could not be done while a non-Communist government is in power in Saigon; arranging it later, presumably under some international supervision, would be immensely difficult.

What Would Happen in Asia?

The basic justification of the U.S. effort has been the so-called "domino theory": that is, if South Viet Nam goes Communist, so will many other nations of Southeast Asia, and a major shift in the balance of power will have taken place. This mechanical notion of inevitable collapse has been widely disputed as (in the words of George Ball) "one of those clichés that get in the way of thought." Nonetheless, immediate withdrawal is bound to have what Harvard Sinologist James C. Thomson Jr., now a critic of the war, calls a "ripple effect." Those ripples would be felt primarily in Laos and Cambodia. Conceivably, Communist Viet Nam might maintain these two fragile entities in their present form as buffer states. Cambodia's chief of state, Prince Sihanouk,



"COME ON, YOU GUYS, A WORD WITH A LITTLE UMPH IN IT"

interested in avoiding reprisals in order to unify the country. "I would be willing to make a small bet," adds former Assistant Secretary of State Roger Hilsman, "that the official Viet Cong position will be no retribution." Hilsman also notes that the Communists already have the resources to undertake a campaign of terrorism within areas occupied by the South Vietnamese government any time they want to do so. It is true that if they expect to get outside aid, which they will sorely need, the Vietnamese Communists would have to refrain from offending world opinion by

an eccentric but nimble and popular ruler, has stayed in power by maintaining an adroit neutrality; he might be able to survive by continuing the same policy. Laos, however, would probably be occupied by the Communists and Cambodia at least subjected to their firm domination.

Thailand, though it would undoubtedly come under mounting pressure, would probably manage to maintain its independence (partly depending on how much military support the U.S. would be willing or able to continue). Burma and Malaysia might be subject to a ris-

ing tempo of insurgent activity, while North Korea's belligerent Kim Il Sung, who has promised to reunify Korea by early 1971, might be tempted to try it. On the other hand, it is conceivable that total U.S. withdrawal from Viet Nam might allay the apprehensions of Hanoi and Peking and actually lead to a curtailment of guerrilla activity elsewhere in Asia. On this question, no one can answer with assurance.

What About World Opinion?

According to Sir Robert Thompson, who guided Britain's successful twelve-year war against the Communist guerrillas in Malaya, an immediate withdrawal by the U.S. would lead to "drastic realignments of policy, certainly in Southeast Asia, probably in Africa, and possibly even in Latin America." Among America's stauncher allies in the Far East, the Nationalist Chinese would be aghast, the South Koreans distressed and the Japanese politely uncomfortable; all three nations are eager to see the end, but a hasty retreat would give them cause to worry about the validity of U.S. promises. On the other hand, the U.S. will presumably maintain enough air and sea power in the Pacific, even after a Viet Nam withdrawal, for present diplomatic arrangements

example, feel that if the U.S. fails to hold South Viet Nam, as it once promised, it might also fail to come to the rescue of Berlin, as it has also promised. Actually, the fundamental strategic importance of Berlin is much greater, and the U.S. commitment there is a much older one. Nevertheless it was to defend Viet Nam that the U.S. went to war, and if it "bugs out" there, a lot of Germans—and others—would be understandably nervous.

The Soviet Union has suggested that American withdrawal would greatly improve U.S.-Russian relations. Says Yuri Arbatov, of the Soviet Academy of Science's Institute of American Studies, Russia's leading America watcher: "I feel that the U.S. is a strong enough country to undertake such a step. Of course, it would hardly be seen as a U.S. victory, but it would be interpreted as an act of political wisdom and boldness." The Russians indicate that while U.S. withdrawal is not a precondition for starting disarmament talks, it would certainly help.

In Asia, the Russians would undoubtedly use the U.S. pull-out to build up their own position against the Chinese. They would probably try to extend their influence through economic aid and diplomacy rather than by subsidizing fur-

it likes to call the "paper tiger." Part of the considerable aid that China has been giving to Viet Nam might be shifted to domestic projects or to insurgents who are making trouble for other Asian nations. Possibly, China would heat up the pressure again on Taiwan. But most signs are that China, with all its domestic troubles, would not be likely to indulge in foreign adventures. For the time being at least, one severe restraint on any expansionist ambitions is Peking's fierce quarrel with Russia over disputed territories in central Asia.

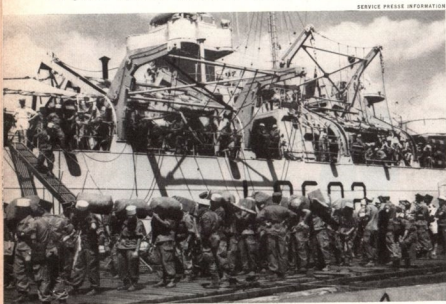
What of the American Reaction?

At home, after the first shock—and relief—reaction would depend to a large extent on what the victorious Communists did. If they followed their takeover with a bloodbath and then began to infiltrate neighboring countries like Thailand and Malaysia, the U.S. mood might quickly turn ugly. There would be cries of "Who lost Southeast Asia?" as there once were of "Who lost China?" And, more bitter than the China question (for the U.S. did not fight there): "Who betrayed our boys?" The forces that had argued for withdrawal might well be the victims of harsh political attacks.

At the same time, a mood of disillusionment might overtake the country and prompt a "Fortress America" spirit of isolationism. That prospect worries the non-Communist nations of Asia more than lingering "domino" fears. It is a moot question whether discord and bitterness over withdrawal would be greater than over continued war—and what true presidential leadership could do to soften the inevitable shocks of either course.

What Are the Alternatives?

All things considered, an immediate, unilateral withdrawal of U.S. troops that would leave South Viet Nam to its fate is an inadequate, emotional solution to a complex and tragic problem. What, then, are the alternatives? The harsh truth is that there are few available to President Nixon. It is still conceivable—but barely—that Hanoi would agree to a cease-fire, followed by a mutual withdrawal of military forces. Any political settlement that would come after this truce, however, would surely require N.L.F. participation in the government of South Viet Nam; that compromise decision would have to be forced upon the Saigon regime—a difficult and perhaps impossible task. In the absence of any signals from Hanoi, the only other plausible course is gradual, orderly withdrawal, accompanied by "Vietnamizing" of the war. The pace of the troop withdrawals so far set by the President should be speeded up. But they would probably have to be spread over two years, with some U.S. logistical support perhaps continuing longer, during which time 1) the Saigon government could be given a



FRENCH TROOPS DEPARTING FROM INDO-CHINA
Extricated from an overwhelming burden.

with these allies not to be unraveled totally.

Many in Britain and France would greet a U.S. decision to quit the war with a sense of "I told you so" satisfaction. But it is certainly not in the interest of America's European allies to see the U.S. humiliated and seriously weakened. There would be troubled questions about whether the U.S. would live up to its contractual defense commitments elsewhere. Many Germans, for

their guerrilla wars. On the other hand, Moscow (or some factions in Moscow) might well be encouraged by American withdrawal to probe for other U.S. weaknesses, as it did when it installed the missiles in Cuba. American will could be quickly put to the test in the Middle East, among other trouble spots.

China would be relieved that a massive U.S. military presence so close to its borders had retreated, and would doubtless gloat over the defeat of what

chance, however slim, of standing alone, and 2) the U.S. could shore up positions elsewhere in Asia, mostly through economic and diplomatic efforts. This would in fact mean that the U.S. would pull out by a certain time, regardless of the chances of the Saigon regime to survive—although the U.S. would not say so officially.

Would a year or two more or less really make a significant difference? Most of the evidence suggests that it would. The speed and style of U.S. withdrawal are more than matters of face-saving. Asia has already accepted the fact that the U.S. cannot hold on to South Viet Nam. But if the U.S. showed its ability to withdraw in a measured way without hasty abandonment of South Viet Nam, Asian nations (and others) should see it as a sign that the U.S. remains a power with a sense of responsibility and constancy.

Is Communism Inevitable?

Gradual withdrawal would occur against Asian perspectives that are by no means all bleak or pointing inevitably to Communism. Much of the rationale for making the stand in Viet Nam was to curb Communist Chinese expansion. Partly because of U.S. resistance, that expansion has been halted. China's influence on the rest of Asia has been decidedly weakened, though this is largely because of the disastrous internal paroxysms of the Cultural Revolution. Devout Communist that he is, North Korea's Kim Il Sung takes no orders from China while he is perfectly willing to accept its material aid. There is reason to hope that a Communist Viet Nam would show considerable independence of her giant neighbor; it has in the past. Thus, Communist power in Asia would probably remain divided.

Even if South Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia fall into the Communist orbit, a case can be made that the cause of democracy and freedom in Asia is considerably stronger than it was ten years ago. Japan, Taiwan, South Korea, Thailand, Singapore and Malaysia have all enjoyed an annual economic growth rate of 8% or more; with the possible exception of Malaysia, these nations have also become more politically stable, while Indonesia, which once threatened to become a Peking satellite, has become aggressively anti-Communist since the overthrow of Sukarno. It may be that the U.S. presence in Viet Nam bought time for these states to put their own affairs in order and become more resistant to subversion because of their greater internal cohesion.

A careful U.S. withdrawal from Viet Nam might well stimulate Asian nations to take some belated measures to shore up their own defenses. Because of Britain's announcement that it would withdraw most of its forces from Southeast Asia in 1971, Singapore and Malaysia were inspired to end their politi-

cal feuding and cooperate on joint air defense. Similarly, Malaysia and Indonesia, which almost came to war over territory in Borneo, have combined their forces to fight Communist insurgents in that same area. The Malaysians are also working with the Thais to root out the terrorists on both sides of their common border.

The Future U.S. Role

A diminishing role for the U.S. in Asia would place more responsibility on the region's wealthiest nation, Japan. Although an American withdrawal from the war does not mean that the U.S. would cease to be a Pacific power, Japan would inevitably have to make more of an effort for its own security and self-defense. Premier Eisaku Sato has acknowledged that Japan must pay more attention to its own military responsibilities after it regains sovereignty over Okinawa, thereby expanding its frontier 400 miles southward to embrace 1,000,000 more citizens. "Regarding the problem of Asian security," said Sato in a speech last month, "it is Japan that is gradually going to play the leading role, while the U.S. will be cooperating from the sidelines."

In an article written for *Foreign Affairs* in 1967, Richard Nixon emphasized

idealism has often been unconvincing and the example non-idiomatic. However, an industrialized Japan demonstrates the economically possible in Asian terms, while an advancing Asia tied into a Pacific community offers a bridge to the underdeveloped elsewhere."

If the U.S. were to disengage itself with some care and dignity from the war, it would have greater freedom to assist in the economic development of what Singapore's Foreign Minister Sinnathamby Rajaratnam calls the "post-Western phase" of Asian history. While most leaders in non-Communist Asia welcome U.S. military aid to combat subversion, they also want U.S. help in building up such regional organizations as the Asian Development Bank and the Association of Southeast Asian Nations. In their view, one lesson of Viet Nam is that political stability is guaranteed not solely by military might but by economic and political progress as well. Says Indonesian Foreign Minister Adam Malik: "I look at half a million troops in Viet Nam with all that modern equipment, and still you could not stop the Communists. The answer for us is to reshape our societies and introduce a new life with more promise for our people."

In sum, gradual U.S. disengagement



U.S. TROOPS AT SAIGON AIRPORT BEFORE RETURNING HOME
More fears of "Fortress America" than falling dominoes.

that U.S. policy must be "exercised with restraint, with respect for our partners and with a sophisticated discretion that ensures a genuinely Asian idiom and Asian origin for whatever new Asian institutions are developed. In a design for Asia's future, there is no room for heavy-handed American pressures; there is need for subtle encouragement of the kind of Asian initiatives that help bring the design to reality. The West has offered both idealism and example, but the

could ease the U.S. into a new period of a more subtle, more imaginative Asian policy. It could also ameliorate the shock of the reverse that the U.S. has unquestionably suffered in Viet Nam. These are limited and intangible goals; to continue sacrificing lives and money for them a hard task indeed. But if these goals are achieved, they may at least help justify the sacrifices in lives and money already made during the long war.



STOKES



PERK



MRS. SLOMINSKI



SEDTA

CITIES: SHATTERED ELECTION PATTERNS

THE ills that beset U.S. cities have caused some able mayors to give up: they have announced that they would retire voluntarily as their terms expire this year. Yet in this fall's mayoralty elections, there is no shortage of bold—some would say foolhardy—politicians eager to succeed them, while elsewhere embattled incumbents campaign desperately to retain their posts.

The joy of winning is apt to be short-lived. "Everywhere the cities are tottering," reports TIME Senior Correspondent John Steele. "They face near-bankruptcy, decay, population loss, lower property values and ever-increasing tensions. Tomorrow's cities may be deserted at night, their streets foreboding and empty, a nocturnal black ghetto of despair. Even the fringe communities are in danger of becoming slum-burbs."

The atmosphere of crisis is having strange effects on local politics. Some campaigns have become polarized conflicts between those who advocate tough anticrime measures and exploit fears of blacks, and those who take a more conciliatory, reformist position. But in most cities, race and crime are turning out to be volatile and unpredictable issues. The strains have further weakened Democratic political machines, diminished mayoral patronage powers and eaten into old special-interest coalitions. Republicans, independents and rebels suddenly have solid chances to win in unexpected places. Some examples:

PITTSBURGH GLAMOUR

The retirement after ten years of Mayor Joseph Barr, who found himself "condemned by the blacks because I didn't do enough and by the whites because I did too much," leaves the once invincible Democratic machine bereft. Democratic City Councilman Peter Flaherty, 44, moved into the breach, challenged a mediocre organization candidate in the primary, and won. He looks like a Kennedy and is running independently of party headquarters. His main pitch is anti-bossism. He pleads for harmony between blacks and whites, who are bit-

terly divided by a Negro drive for more construction jobs.

Although Flaherty remains the favorite, Republican John Tabor, 48, a Yale classmate of New York's John Lindsay and a politician with similar personal appeal, is posing the first serious G.O.P. challenge in 25 years. His Czech background suits ethnic groups, and he is trying to attract the city's blue-collar workers by hinting that he will oppose right-to-work laws if they will yield slightly to black demands. A former state secretary of labor and industry, the moderate Tabor promises to switch millions of dollars from patronage jobs to strengthen the police department. "If that is a law-and-order campaign," says Tabor, "so be it."

DETROIT MODERATION

Mayor Jerome Cavanagh, 41, considered a boy wonder when elected eight years ago, has had enough. "It is misleading, even dangerous, to suppose that a mayor can control the destiny of his city," he says. The nonpartisan race to replace him is not the clear-cut case of black v. white that many outsiders assume. Wayne County Sheriff Roman S. Gribbs, 43, is a moderate who has thoroughly integrated his department, appointed a top Negro deputy, eliminated brutality in a sorry county jail, and avoided simplistic solutions to crime problems. His opponent, County Auditor Richard H. Austin, 56, is the first Negro to make a serious bid for the Detroit mayoralty. Austin topped the primary and can expect the support of most black voters, who amount to about 25% of Detroit's registered voters. Yet he also is a moderate seeking to mute the race issue. Austin expects the support of white liberals and progressive union members, but the sheriff's bid has become a strong one.

ATLANTA FRACTURE

Mayor Ivan Allen Jr. closes out eight years in office with the simple explanation that "I've shot my wad and it's time for somebody else to come along."

The long dominant coalition of white industrialists and black business and professional leaders is fractured. Though a Negro, Attorney Maynard Jackson, was elected vice mayor on Oct. 7, this week's run-off election does not focus on race. It pits a handsome Democratic liberal, the outgoing vice mayor, Sam Massell, 42, against a personable moderate Republican, Rodney Cook, 45, who is both a city alderman and a state legislator. Blacks are expected to vote heavily for Massell, while Atlanta's white business community supports Cook.

Massell, a former real estate dealer and member of one of Atlanta's wealthiest Jewish families, has earned black support through his leadership of a statewide civil rights committee and local antidiscrimination efforts. Yet Cook also talks about the need for harmonious race relations and contends that he is "the only candidate able to bring people together." To cope with Atlanta's financial crisis, Cook urges that the city be consolidated with surrounding Fulton County. Massell bravely proposes a city income tax and invites nearby municipalities to join the city. The contest is close, and both Massell and Cook seem capable of carrying forward Allen's enlightened racial policies.

CLEVELAND TENSIONS

Two years ago, Carl Stokes overcame defections by fellow Democrats to become the first black mayor of a large city. His plurality was only 1,600 votes. This year he again had to fight a primary. Though he can point to advances in economic development and housing programs, Stokes is handicapped by a scandal in police civil service examinations and by continual wrangling with a city council controlled by his own party. Racial animosity remains high in the blue-collar city.

Thus it would be no surprise if Cleveland elected its first Republican mayor since 1941. The G.O.P. has fielded a strong candidate in Ralph J. Perk, 55, auditor of Cuyahoga County and, like Pittsburgh's Tabor, a man of Czech de-



FLAHERTY



TABOR

COURTESY, JAMES HAWKINS

THE JUDICIARY

Haynsworth at Home

When Clement F. Haynsworth Jr. left Greenville, S.C., for Washington last month, the judge expected a triumphal anointment as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. So did the town in which his family has played an aristocratic part for five generations. Instead, Greenville saw a bitter dispute over Haynsworth's fitness. Last week, as the Senate battle lapsed temporarily, a subdued Haynsworth returned to his Greenville refuge. "It's quiet here," Haynsworth said, and he seemed grateful for the respite.

Despite the furor over his nomination, neither Haynsworth nor his wife publicly expressed bitterness about the contest that could undermine both his reputation and his present position as chief judge of the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals. Mrs. Haynsworth was philosophical: "Sad, but *que sera sera*." Haynsworth refused to discuss the substantive issues in the controversy. But he did point out that the press had failed to report testimony in his favor given to the Senate Judiciary Committee.

No Chances. A painfully shy man, Haynsworth has kept to himself since his return from Washington. He spent most of last week in his office, where his staff protected him from visitors as he tried to catch up on his work and read the hundreds of letters he has received since President Nixon first submitted his nomination. He returns home each day to lunch with his wife, who calls herself his "home secretary," and to tend his camellias. Haynsworth has let his private pilot's license lapse for want of time to pursue that hobby. His hunting days are over because of legal hazards. "The hunting laws became so strict," he says, "that I finally decided I was taking a chance of breaking some laws any time I went hunting." Without a trace of irony, he adds: "And you know a judge can't afford to take chances."

Haynsworth has taken none—at least not knowingly—in his 56 years. His lawyer forebears, long associated with the textile interests that have dominated the small (pop. 73,700) city for many decades, left him a legacy of Southern gentility that in no way prepared him for his current troubles. Born and reared only a few doors from the two-acre estate he now occupies, he attended nearby Furman University; one of its founders was his great-great-grandfather. His proper manner and the fact that he neither smoked nor drank led some fellow students to call him "the clean-clean boy." Upon graduation from Harvard Law School, Haynsworth returned to Greenville to join his family's law firm. Except for World War II Navy service in Charleston and San Diego, he has lived in Greenville since.

His career as lawyer, civic leader and judge was almost preordained by Greenville's social order, as are his friends: bankers, lawyers and old-line

business leaders. They meet each other in private homes or such white, Christian islands as the Green Valley Country Club. The judge's relationships outside his own class—and race—have been few and distant.

No New Skeletons. Haynsworth's fellow citizens respect both the judge and his privacy. Townspeople willing to talk about him at all have only praise. A white merchant describes him as "one of the finest men in Greenville." Another declares: "It's nothing but politics against him; that's all it is." James Hawkins, a Negro part-time bartender who has observed the judge at social functions, calls him "a courteous man" who "always has treated colored people fine."

Although some of his friends have found Haynsworth disturbed by the attacks on him, almost none believe that he is ready to pull out of the fight of his own accord. Nor is the President likely to withdraw the nomination. Meeting with congressional leaders last week, Nixon restated both his confidence in Haynsworth and his determination to press for a Senate showdown on the nomination. Nixon feels that dropping Haynsworth would destroy his effectiveness as an appellate judge and represent a surrender to the liberals who oppose the appointment on philosophical grounds. Heartened by the opposition's failure to find any new skeletons in the judge's closet, Administration officials say they have the votes to put the judge on the Supreme Court. But Haynsworth, who expected only token resistance to his nomination in the first place, may be wondering whether the prize is worth the battle.

WAYNE WILSON—LEVINSON ATLANTA



HAYNSWORTH IN GREENVILLE
Unprepared by the legacy.

scent. That helps in Cleveland, where identification with the old countries of Central and Eastern Europe is still close. Perk stresses strict law enforcement and attacks what he claims are the declining levels of most city services. When re-elected as auditor, he became the first Republican in 25 years to carry the city. And as the G.O.P. grows stronger, black registration has dropped by nearly 10,000 this year.

BUFFALO PATRIOTS

The clearest case of a city divided over issues of crime and race may be Buffalo. There, liberal Democrat Frank A. Sedita, 62, a career politician who has served two terms as mayor, is in danger of being unseated by Mrs. Alfreda Slominski, 40, a conservative Republican. It is something of a grudge match. In 1967, Sedita refused to reappoint Mrs. Slominski to the city's school board because of her blunt opposition to using buses to help integrate the schools. An attractive mother of two, Mrs. Slominski is a more engaging version of Boston's Louise Day Hicks. Her campaign refrain repeats themes of "law and order," "safe streets" and "no busing." She once headed the ultraconservative Good Government Club, which has defended the John Birch Society as one of the nation's "finest and most patriotic organizations." However, when the club's newsletter recently belittled Jews and blacks with bad jokes, Mrs. Slominski, who is of Polish-American ancestry, decided it had gone too far and repudiated its support.

Mayor Sedita's chances are also hurt by the third candidate, Ambrose Lane, 34, a Negro who has headed antipoverty programs in the area. Running as an independent, Lane has little chance himself, but could draw black votes from Sedita. An effective mayor who has improved race relations and helped cut crime, Sedita is in such trouble that both Hubert Humphrey and Democratic National Chairman Fred Harris have come to campaign for him.

* After losing the mayoral election to Kevin White in 1967, Mrs. Hicks took her first step toward a comeback in September by winning the right to compete for one of nine seats on the Boston city council next month.

DRUGS

New Move for Reform

Washington's recent effort to seal the Mexican border against marijuana was only the latest indication of the Government's determination to stamp out grass. But even the Administration's most determined gangbuster, Attorney General John Mitchell, cannot accept the anomaly whereby a second conviction for selling marijuana carries four times the potential maximum penalty as manslaughter or some types of sabotage. Nor can Mitchell's legal mind easily tolerate a law that threatens the same punishment to a casual user of marijuana as it does to a wholesale pot peddler. After some initial hesitation, the Justice Department is attempting

DAVID BURNETT



MITCHELL

Making the statutes rational.

to make the statutes more rational. When Mitchell proposed modification of drug-abuse penalties last spring, conservatives in Congress reacted so negatively that the idea was dropped. Subsequently, the Government came out in support of the present tough penalties for marijuana use. Since then, pressure from Government medical experts as well as private physicians has induced Washington to reconsider once again.

First Revision. This week a Senate committee is scheduled to receive proposals that, if enacted, would constitute the first comprehensive revision of federal narcotics penalties since 1937. For the first time, distinctions would be drawn between professional criminals, confirmed addicts and casual drug users. Mandatory jail sentences for mere possession of drugs—now a minimum of two years—would be eliminated. The first offense would be downgraded from a felony to a misdemeanor, although pos-

session with intent to sell would remain a felony. For professional pushers, a jail term of at least five years would still be required.

The recommendations fall short of reforms sought by some in the Administration. There would still be no distinction between marijuana and such potent contraband as heroin. But they allow the judge the latitude to grant leniency in marijuana cases. Federal officials say that their proposals are more flexible than drug laws in about 35 states.

Three alternative penalty schedules will be offered to Congress. Under all three, the maximum penalty for possession of drugs for one's own use would be limited to a year's imprisonment and a \$5,000 fine for first offenders. It is now ten years and a \$5,000 fine. Maximum penalties for sale of narcotics would vary for first offenders from twelve years in jail and a \$25,000 fine to 20 years and \$25,000. It is now 20 years and a \$20,000 fine.

But one theme is consistent. The recommended code, if adopted, will give judges more discretion to deal with cases on an individual basis.

INVESTIGATIONS

The Voloshen Connection

At first it seemed little more than a routine civil suit brought by the Securities and Exchange Commission. Overnight, however, the case burgeoned into a Washington scandal involving the office of House Speaker John McCormack. The first to be tarnished was Dr. Martin Sweig, 46, McCormack's \$36,000-a-year aide for the past 24 years, who was suspended by the Speaker last week pending a complete inquiry.

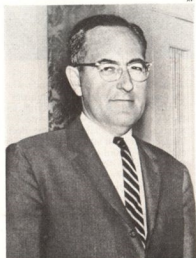
Sweig was named in the suit as having arranged a meeting last May between the SEC and representatives of the Parvin/Dohrmann Co., a manufacturer of hospital, restaurant and hotel equipment with interests in Las Vegas gambling operations. The purpose of the parley was to end the commission's ban on the sale of the firm's stock; six days later, the stop order was canceled. Subsequent investigation persuaded the SEC to bring the suit last week on charges that the price of Parvin/Dohrmann stock was being manipulated. The case raised the specter of high-level influence peddling through McCormack's office.

Frequent Visitor. A central if somewhat mysterious character in the affair is Nathan Voloshen, 71. Ostensibly, Voloshen is a Volashan attorney with New York connections, but his real trade is opening doors in Washington. He was named by the SEC as the link between Sweig and Parvin/Dohrmann. For his services in making the connection, Voloshen received \$50,000 from the grateful firm. When Parvin/Dohrmann Chairman Delbert Coleman sought the services of Voloshen, there was little doubt that he could produce. Voloshen's was a familiar face in the Speaker's

suite, a fact attested to by Herbert Itkin, a Government informer in investigations of racketeering (TIME, Oct. 17).

Itkin told TIME Correspondent Sandy Smith that he had visited Voloshen in the Speaker's offices to talk over deals on five separate occasions between April 1963 and October 1966. "Voloshen would sit there, with his feet on the desk, making telephone calls all over

AP



MARTIN SWEIG



SPEAKER MCCORMACK

Indirect but unsavory links.

the country," Itkin told Smith. These transactions, said Itkin, involved everything from schemes to bribe several Congressmen to purchasing land for gas stations in Florida on the advance knowledge of Army plans to build nearby.

While McCormack acknowledged knowing Voloshen, he denied that the dapper wheeler-dealer used the Speaker's suite as his headquarters: "He's a friend of mine, but he's not in my of-

fice much." Reporter Smith's investigation indicated otherwise. On Sept. 25, Smith asked for Voloshen in the Speaker's office. An aide said: "We haven't seen Mr. Voloshen today, but he may come in." The assistant also furnished the telephone number and address of the attorney's Manhattan office. Last year, in an interview with the Washington Post, Sweig called Voloshen a "very honorable fellow" who had been friendly with McCormack for about 30 years and was a visitor to the Speaker's offices "once or twice a week."

Skimming. In his dealings with the Parvin/Dohrmann Co., Voloshen has indirectly connected the Speaker's office to some unsavory individuals—though McCormack himself may never have heard of them. Chief of these are Sidney R. Korshak, a Los Angeles attorney and intimate of Chicago gangsters, and Edward Torres, a mob-affiliated gambler who was involved with illegally skimming gambling proceeds in Las Vegas. Both are members of a group that controls the company.

Voloshen's activities have stirred other interest. A federal grand jury in New York is investigating telephone calls he made from the Speaker's office to the Justice Department in an attempt to gain the release from jail of Frank ("Cheech") Livorsi, an eastern Mafia leader, because of the mobster's ill health. Another is looking into the roles of Sweig and Voloshen in a contractor's efforts to add \$5,000,000 to the \$11 million cost of a garage under the Rayburn House Office Building.

What will Congress do about the implications of Voloshen's presence and influence on Capitol Hill? Congress has always been reluctant to police its own ethical standards. But if congressional leaders pursue the Voloshen case energetically, they may catch a scandal of Bobby Baker proportions.

RACES

Cleaver in Exile

Eldridge Cleaver, author of Soul on Ice and "information minister" of the Black Panthers, was once one of the most articulate and intellectually acute of the young black militants. Last November, facing revocation of his parole from jail and new charges as the result of a shoot-out with Oakland police, Cleaver fled the country. Now he is in restless exile, dreaming violent dreams of rebellion, chafing against Communist regimes that he thinks have gone soft. Stopping off in Moscow after a visit to North Korea, Cleaver talked with TIME Correspondent Stanley Cloud, who had covered Panther activities in California. Cloud's report:

One remembered the face from a different time, a different place. It had been last year in a steamy Oakland courtroom. He was a tall man of military bearing, who wore a black leather jacket, a Vandike beard and a little gold button

in one earlobe. Now, standing with a friend in the lobby of the mammoth Rossiya Hotel near Red Square, Cleaver seemed unchanged. The face was still hard and menacing, the bearing still rigid. With his jacket and earring, he was as conspicuous as a tourist from Kansas City.

At first he insisted that he was not Cleaver; then he demanded to know who had told of his being in Moscow. The interview could not begin until Cleaver, who worries as much about the Russian secret police as the CIA, spent 20 minutes searching for a safe place to talk. He finally selected a deserted lounge on the Rossiya's eleventh floor. There was yet another preliminary: the handing over of a pamphlet on the proper role of the press as seen by North Korean Premier Kim Il Sung. "If you read this and follow the precepts laid down by Premier Kim Il Sung, I won't have to worry about any distortions."

Kind of Coup. Why the sudden affection for Kim? "There has been a kind of coup in the international Communist movement, conducted by Comrade Kim Il Sung. He has stepped into the vacuum created by the squabble between the Soviet Union and China. They seem to be more interested in their own narrow interests than they are in the international proletarian movement. I feel this is a crime, really. Many people around the world suffer and sacrifice. These sacrifices are investments in the future, investments which the big Communist countries should honor by putting their arsenals at the disposal of the liberation movement. We feel the Soviet Union's arsenal is not the private property of the Soviet Union."

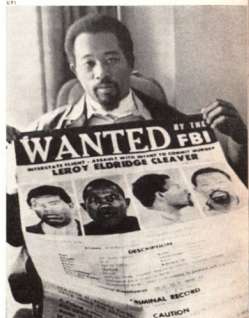
Cleaver complained that the Soviet Union has backed down from confrontation with the U.S. in many places. Eastern European Communists are guilty of a "relaxation of the revolutionary stance." The Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia was not reprehensible because of its use of force against a weak nation; rather the Soviets were at fault for having encouraged Czech liberalization with their own doctrine of co-existence. "The countries that I like best don't have diplomatic relations with the U.S."

Cuba is one of those, but he did not find life there congenial. Cleaver, however, refused to discuss his reasons for leaving Cuba and moving to Algeria, where he now lives with his wife and infant son. He said they are "very happy" in Algeria, where they are presumably still collecting royalties from *Soul on Ice* and his other writings. Cleaver says he is able to move virtually at will in Communist countries, using nothing but his California driver's license and an

* Kim, a hard-line Stalinist, urges "progressive journalists" to enhance "the revolutionary consciousness of the popular masses" so that "they will fight more tenaciously to crush U.S. imperialism."

FBI wanted poster in lieu of a passport. He maintains that he is neither lonely in exile nor out of touch with the U.S., which he still considers home. "I am as involved as ever in the United States, and I fully intend to continue functioning in the struggle against the oppressive system there. I intend to participate. It's important for people to fight in the terrain they know best. Being in exile is not my bag at all."

Choice of Weapons. When will his revolution come to America? "If everyone who is oppressed were involved, the Government would fall in a couple of days. It's only a question of arousing people to a point of wrath. Many complacent regimes thought they would be in power eternally—and awoke one morning to find themselves up against



CLEAVER IN MOSCOW WITH FBI POSTER
There seems to be no way back.

the wall. I expect that to happen in the United States in our lifetimes." The Panthers, he said, would be in the revolutionary vanguard.

Many black radicals have attacked the Panthers for allying themselves with white radical groups. One such critic is Stokely Carmichael, now in Guinea working for the restoration of Ghana's deposed dictator, Kwame Nkrumah. Cleaver dismissed Carmichael's argument, saying: "A revolutionary movement calls for unity. Capitalism thrives on the kind of divisions some people want to keep."

For Cleaver, there seems to be no way back to rational dissent. "Protests and demonstrations have exhausted themselves," he said. "The only response can be an escalation of violence itself. People who don't like that kind of talk go through long periods of re-evaluation. But there's nothing to re-evaluate—except the choice of weapons."

THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM: RISING RESENTMENT OF THE U.S.

THERE were no Vietnamese demonstrations in South Viet Nam last week to coincide with Moratorium Day, U.S.A. If there had been, though, a surprising number of Vietnamese might have joined in, not simply to join in expressing their weariness with the war but also to hurry all those Americans out of their country. Anti-Americanism is rising perceptibly in Viet Nam, an inevitable phenomenon when half a million U.S. troops are plunked down in the midst of a nation of 17 million people.

An odd if understandable ambivalence characterizes this particular species of anti-Americanism. The Vietnamese are at once grateful for and hostile to the U.S. presence, which has placed enormous strains on the fragile fabric of their society. They would like to see the ubiquitous Americans go home—but not before South Viet Nam is more firmly established than at present. They may find the Americans an irritant, but many would scourge them as bugouts if they withdraw too rapidly, leaving South Viet Nam to an uncertain fate. More than a year ago, Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky voiced that duality when he said: "If the Americans want to withdraw, they can go ahead. We only want people who want to stay." Last week President Nguyen Van Thieu phrased it similarly. Said Thieu, who occasionally has sought to enhance his popularity by playing on South Vietnamese resentment of the Americans: "I do not ask the U.S. troops to stay here for 100 years. I only ask the Americans to have the courage and the clear sight to remain here until we nationalists have enough military, economic and political strength."

Cultural Defoliation. The signs of anti-Americanism are most obvious in Saigon. Nightly, along the city's gaudy Tu Do and Hai Ba Trung streets, G.I.s and South Vietnamese troops swap insults and punches—often over the favors of bar girls. In one such honky-tonk brawl earlier this month, a major in the Vietnamese Rangers chopped off the hand of a U.S. military policeman with a machete. In June, two American military police who had rushed to a bar in response to complaints that a drunken G.I. was making trouble were shot to death by Lieut. Colonel Nguyen Viet Can, commander of the Vietnamese airborne battalion that guards President Thieu's Independence Palace. No charges were filed against the colonel.

The taunts of Saigon's "cowboys," the Honda-riding young toughs who infest the capital, have become so nasty that few respectable women like to be seen walking with foreigners, particularly with Americans. "O.K., ten dol-

lars" or "O.K., Salem" are favorite "cowboy" slurs, implying that the woman has sold herself for money or cigarettes. The Vietnamese press abounds with tearful stories of happily married Vietnamese women who left their husbands for the lure of the dollar and the company of Americans. By word of mouth, other, more bizarre tales make the rounds. Some uneducated Vietnamese men actually believe that U.S. troops are carriers of the "shrinking bird" disease, which is said to cause the slow shriveling of the male genitals; the Americans, so the story goes,

RICHARD BOYLE



G.I.s ARGUING WITH VIETNAMESE IN SAIGON
With taunts from the cowboys and stories about the "houseboy."

are immune because of pills and inoculations.

Members of the French-educated elite, including civil servants and many intellectuals, criticize the U.S. from a somewhat loftier level. They accuse the Americans of practicing a kind of cultural defoliation in Viet Nam. "We consider your country too young, and there is not much we can learn from you, save for what we call modern development," says one intellectual. "We tend to equate you with machines for whom there is no deep thinking." Says another: "Americans have no culture, unless you call beer and big bosoms culture." At Saigon's *Cercle Sportif* and around upper-middle-class dining tables, a frequent topic of conversation is "*la gaucherie américaine*"—which may include anything from the way G.I.s gun their big trucks through Saigon's streets to the contention that one U.S. em-

bassy official speaks to President Thieu as though he were a "houseboy." Americans are blamed for ruining once beautiful Saigon ("Why do they cut down all the trees?") and for turning all of Viet Nam into a gigantic garbage pile. Though such talk has long been in vogue in educated circles, much of it may result from the desire of some Vietnamese to establish their anti-American credentials in the event of a Communist takeover.

Turned Inward. Viet Nam's history makes anti-Americanism a predictable phenomenon. The Vietnamese character,

proud and intensely nationalistic was shaped in repeated wars with the Chinese and later with the French. Before the French invaded Indo-China in the late 1850s, Viet Nam was turned inward, in the Confucian tradition, shunning Western culture and technology. When the French arrived, they were greeted with bitter hatred and a protracted series of rebellions, which culminated in their defeat at Dienbienphu in 1954. Now that the French are long gone, having left behind businessmen, educators and diplomats, they are clearly more highly regarded than the Americans. Cultural affinities remain relatively strong; educated Vietnamese send their children to French-run prep schools, and degrees from French universities carry more prestige than those from U.S. universities. Moreover, the French war was never as disruptive as the present conflict. At its high point, there

were only 200,000 French troops in all of Viet Nam, and there was far less destruction.

No nation finds it easy to accept the idea that it owes most of what it has, including its continued existence, to the fighting men of another nation, particularly when those men often show hostility rather than sympathy. G.I.s in the field frequently find it impossible to distinguish between "bad" and "good" Vietnamese; as a result, they often callously mistreat all of them. Few American soldiers are in Viet Nam because they want to be, and many take out their resentments on their not-so-friendly hosts. "They're all gooks," says a sergeant at Tay Ninh, using the derogatory term once reserved for the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese. "Not one of them is worth a damn." Other epithets include "dinks" and "slopes." Peasants are obviously unhappy when U.S. tanks crunch through their rice fields or helicopter gunners fire at water buffalo—or at the peasants themselves. American affluence, symbolized by the PXs bulging with U.S. wares, stands in sharp contrast to the widespread poverty in Viet Nam. Rigid security precautions, however necessary, are also a source of resentment. Every day thousands of Vietnamese workers, men and women, line up outside U.S. bases like cattle moving into a chute to be frisked before they start the day's work.

Among the scores of Viet Nam contingency plans that the Pentagon holds ready, there is one that calls for withdrawing American forces to fight their way to the beaches against a hostile South Vietnamese army. It is unlikely that the plan will ever have to be put into operation. Even so, anti-Americanism is a factor for U.S. policymakers to contend with, and it is more likely to increase than to decrease in virulence.

SOUTH KOREA

Full Circle for Park

"I have resolved to bear the cross upon my back once more for the nation, forsaking my own personal comforts." With those words, South Korea's President Chung Hee Park earlier this month launched his campaign for a constitutional amendment that would give him a third four-year term. Any similarity between his plight and the march to Calvary, however, was purely coincidental. From all reports, Park has been quite comfortable in the "Blue House," Korea's presidential palace.

When Park seized power in a coup in 1961, one of his first actions was to revise the constitution so that nobody could serve as President for more than two four-year terms. The tough, unsmiling general wanted to prevent the sort of legalized dictatorship that had prevailed under Syngman Rhee, who ruled for twelve years. Last week, Park came full circle. In a controversial referendum, 11.1 million South Koreans

voted by an overwhelming 2-to-1 margin to amend the constitution so that he might seek a third term in 1971. Since Park held power for two years before he was first elected in 1963, a third term would give him a total of 14 years in the Blue House, two more than Rhee served.

Riverbed Rallies. Last summer, when Park first announced his intention to amend the constitution, there were cries of "dictatorship," and Korea's volatile students took to the streets. Most of them supported the more liberal, urban-oriented New Democratic Party, and



PARK

Quite comfortable in the Blue House.

they feared that Park and his rural-based Democratic Republican Party were trying to perpetuate their control indefinitely. When Park sought approval from the National Assembly to hold a national referendum, the opposition New Democrats seized the speaker's rostrum in the red-carpeted Assembly chamber and refused to yield it through four days of 24-hour debates. Finally, the Democratic Republicans and a few independent Assemblymen slipped next door to an annex and at 2 a.m. passed the bill 122 to 0. The opposition wailed that "democracy is dead in Ko-

rea," but the vote was technically legal.

The outcome of the referendum was never in doubt. "The only place they will give us to hold our rallies is a riverbed or a mountainside," complained New Democratic Assemblyman Yil-Hyung Chyung. "They have all the best places. People are even afraid to rent us loudspeaker equipment." Other opposition leaders charged that the Park forces were handing out money, shoes, food and other presents. The students remained docile not only because of the unspoken threat that their relatives might lose their jobs, but also because they found little support among the people.

Persuasive Phrase. To a great extent, Park has earned the support that he enjoys. Since 1961, the country has enjoyed an unprecedented economic boom, with per-capita income rising from \$85.20 to \$134 in 1968. In addition, Park's firm stance in the face of threats from the hard-line Communist regime north of the 38th parallel has won popularity for his regime in security-conscious South Korea. The opposition campaigned on a slogan of "Freedom v. Dictatorship." In the end, however, voters were moved by the government's catch phrase: "A vote against Park is a vote for chaos."

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Not Far from Novotný

In the face of Czechoslovakia's steadily sagging economy and its even limpier national morale, Communist Party Boss Gustav Husák last week decided that the time was ripe for a good pep talk. Before 700 workers at the Skoda auto works in Pilsen, he admitted: "Quite a lot of people are falling into some sort of depression. They are spreading panicky moods, as if our state and all of our society were facing some sort of bankruptcy from which there is no way out." Husák thereupon assured his listeners that he would be better for them than either of his predecessors, Stalinist Antonín Novotný or Reformer Alexander Dubček. "We do not want to return either to the Novotný bureaucracy or the Dubček anarchy," he said.

There is, of course, little likelihood that Moscow will allow Czechoslovakia to return to the liberalizing route charted by Dubček before the Russian invasion of 1968. The oppressive days of Novotný, on the other hand, suddenly do not seem quite so distant. A nationalist at heart, Husák may very well try to steer a middle course, but for the time being the ultraconservatives, backed by the country's Soviet occupiers, are dominant. Late last month, they engineered the firing of 29 liberals and moderates from key posts in the government and party. Last week they claimed a host of new purge victims and continued to hack away at Czechoslovakia's few remnants of freedom.

The day before Husák addressed the Skoda workers, their boss, Plant



DEPUTY CHAIRMAN PENNIGEROVÁ
Photogenic improvement.

Manager Jan Martinák, lost his job in the purge. He had been chosen before the invasion by one of the workers' councils created under Dubček's program of partial self-management for industry. The councils are now "under analysis" by the government and are no longer active. Josef Pavel, Interior Minister under Dubček and a main force behind the reforms, was "suspended" from the Communist Party—one step from expulsion. Ota Sik, architect of last year's economic reforms, was kicked out of the party. His fate was hardly surprising, since he is now teaching in Switzerland and said in a recent speech that Prague's party spokesmen make Nazi Propagandist Joseph Goebbels "look like an altar boy."

Dubček himself was formally sacked as chairman of the Federal Assembly and replaced by Lawyer Dalibor Haneš, a political time-rider. Josef Smrkovský, Dubček's most loyal lieutenant, was officially removed from the Assembly's deputy chairmanship. His successor is a photogenic if not a political improvement. She is Sonia Pennigerová, a 41-year-old pediatrician, whose brunette good looks make her Eastern Europe's prettiest national officeholder.

Under its new leadership, the Assembly voted to strip itself of some of its already minute powers. It approved a government decision to postpone parliamentary elections, originally scheduled for last fall, for at least two more years. Following party instructions, it also approved a law empowering it to replace its members summarily, without voter approval.

A Sixth Workday. The wave of repression is washing over everyday Czechoslovaks as well as prominent reformers. Because flagrant on-the-job loafing has made a joke of recent production quotas, the regime is thinking of adding an unpaid sixth day to the work week. Because some 30,000 citizens (by the government's own, probably conservative count) are living in the West illegally, the regime has canceled 100,000 tourist visas for travel outside Czechoslovakia. Only supervised

groups and party members on official business are now allowed to cross the borders into the West. On the day the new rules went into effect, trains and buses rolled out of Czechoslovakia nearly empty, and border guards stamped "canceled" on the visas of motorists headed out of the country. A pretty blonde, prevented from crossing into Austria, asked forlornly: "Is this something temporary?" "Everything is temporary," replied the guard, "Even life."

From the Soviet viewpoint, the crack-down means that Czechoslovakia is finally getting "normalized." Most tellingly, the government announced that Husák and President Ludvík Svoboda will pay a state visit to Moscow this week, with all the trappings. Ever since Dubček began his effort to "humanize" Communism, every visit by Czechoslovak officials has been designated merely as a "working" trip. Now having re-established Czechoslovakia as safe Communist territory, the Soviets might even be ready to authorize a reduction of their 85,000-man occupying force.

FRANCE

The New Poujadists

Last year, workers and students combined to create the most violent upheaval that France has endured in two decades. The very existence of the Fifth Republic was threatened as unions called crippling strikes and students took to the barricades. Now that most stable element of French society—the small businessman—is beginning to vent his violent discontent. In recent weeks, shopkeepers have paraded through Paris, burned tax forms in Lyon, fought police in Morlaix. In Nice, they refused to pay increased gas and electricity rates. Capitalizing on the discontent, the Communist daily *L'Humanité* has sided with

the *petit bourgeois* tradesman against "the monopolistic powers."

Last week in Paris, France's shopkeepers staged their biggest demonstration yet. Some 25,000 grocers and hoteliers, barbers and plumbers, from as far away as Corsica, crowded into the Parc des Princes stadium to protest stiff taxes and rising competition from modern large-scale retailers. They carried banners proclaiming "Crushed to Death by the Taxman" and "We Want to Live." Some wanted to fight, too. Swarming through the streets, 2,000 of them attacked police in a 45-minute fracas that ended in 30 injuries and 13 arrests. It was the worst clash since the May 1968 riots.

Menacing Modernization. The unshaven, carpet-slipped *petit commerçant* of legend is France's newest militant. Like the middle class in many other countries, he feels that he is not getting his due. The 2,500,000 shop owners and artisans account for almost one-fifth of the French working population—the highest proportion of self-employed in Europe. Their power was last harnessed in the mid-1950s, when a burly ex-bookseller named Pierre Poujade turned a tax protest into a movement strong enough to help topple the Fourth Republic.

Today, French shopkeepers fear that the campaign begun by Charles de Gaulle to modernize the economy will wipe out the neighborhood butcher and greengrocer. Supermarkets, shopping centers and restaurant chains are sprouting everywhere, while the country's 200,000 grocers disappear at a rate of 2,000 a year. In 1958, France's small businessmen managed to quash a move to make cash registers mandatory—and thus make tax cheating more difficult. Lately, however, they have suffered only setbacks. Social security payments have



SHOPKEEPERS BATTLING POLICE AFTER PARIS RALLY
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The new IBM Mag Card Selectric.

It's built to work the way people work, not the way machines work.

People—specifically, businessmen—being human, change their minds.

And secretaries, also being human, make mistakes.

And typewriters, being machines, have never been built to allow either of them to do either without penalizing both of them. As well as the company they work for.

The way typewriters have been built, if a businessman wants to change something he's had typed, the whole thing has to be retyped. If a secretary makes a mistake, it usually means the same thing.

And who's to say the same thing can't happen on the second retyping?

As a result, one of two things happens. Either a businessman settles for something less than he'd like to settle for. Or he and his secretary spend a ridiculously long and costly time getting a simple business letter written, typed and out the door.

To rectify this situation, the Office Products Division of IBM has built a typewriter that allows a businessman to change his mind and a secretary to make mistakes—and still get a finished piece of typed copy in minutes, rather than the unnecessarily long time it can now take.

With the IBM Mag Card Selectric Typewriter, a magnetic card automatically turns rough drafts into finished letters—so a secretary never has to.

Without going into the nuts and bolts of it, here's a brief description of what happens.

Each page a secretary types is also

recorded on a separate magnetic card. If she makes a mistake, she types right over it. Instead of erasing or typing the whole letter over. The corrected letter is typed—automatically—by the Mag Card.

Even when you make changes, she doesn't type the whole letter over. She simply stops the machine at the appropriate places and types in the changes—only the changes. The Mag Card types the rest of the letter, readjusting the length of the lines automatically.

For a businessman, this means he now has the right to think twice before committing himself. A second

chance to make sure he's saying exactly what he wants to say before signing his name.

For a secretary, since she'll be getting her routine work done faster, she'll be able to do more than just routine work. She'll be more of an assistant to her boss than an adjunct to a typewriter.

We also believe that since she'll be free from worrying about making mistakes when she's typing, she'll probably make fewer mistakes.

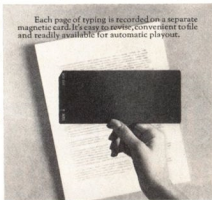
And for a company, the Mag Card Selectric means the end of bottlenecks at its typing stations. It means that work which is presently in the typewriter when it should be in the mail will be in the mail.

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you could be

DODGE
MATERIAL.



been made compulsory for the self-employed (cost: some \$520 a year). Last August, Pompidou devalued the franc—and dispatched inspectors to make sure that shopkeepers did not simply raise their prices.

Pirate Plugs. Even before devaluation, the new Poujadists had found a new Poujade. He is Gérard Nicoud, a 24-year-old café owner who last spring launched a shopkeepers' movement at La Tour-du-Pin in France's southeastern Dauphiné province. His slogan: "A class that does not defend itself is condemned to death."

Nicoud's defense tactics have been spectacularly offensive. "The Movement," as it is known, first won notice last April, when Nicoud led 400 store owners in a raid on his local tax office. Nicoud's group threatened to pitch three truckloads of records into the Isère River unless officials eased tax rules. Nicoud was seized before he could carry out his threat and jailed briefly—but he was not deterred. Late last month several masked members of the Movement kidnapped Gustave Prost, the deputy mayor of Lyon, and his 43-year-old *amie* to dramatize the shopkeepers' grievances. The captives were driven through the countryside and then released—Prost minus his trousers.

So far, 2,000 police and troops have been unable to find Nicoud in the mountains of the Dauphiné. Yet while Nicoud is in hiding, "pirate" television announcements continue to break in on regular programs to plug the Movement, which claims 250,000 members.

Hoping to defuse the discontent, the Pompidou government has introduced, among other things, some involved subsidy arrangements to ease the social security burden. Pompidou cried "*Vive le petit commerce!*" in his campaign, but few shopkeepers believe his assurance that they are "not destined to disappear, because they are a humanizing factor." If they survive, it will be because they are a political factor—as Pompidou well knows. In last April's referendum, it was dissatisfaction among the bourgeoisie, including the shopkeepers, that sent Charles de Gaulle into retirement.

WEST GERMANY

Learning to Handle The Flying Coffin

The pattern of disaster was all too familiar. An F-104G Starfighter, bearing the black *formée* cross of West Germany's Luftwaffe on its fuselage, was hurtling over the South German foothills toward the Alps last week when it spun out of control. The pilot managed to eject at about 1,000 ft. and landed unhurt in a tree, but his plane plummeted into the black Bavarian soil south of Augsburg. It was the 100th Luftwaffe Starfighter to crash since the Bundeswehr adopted the hot but unforgiving aircraft in 1961.

A few years ago, a series of similar crashes shook the entire German military establishment. In 1965 alone, 26



STEINHOFF IN PILOT'S GEAR
Pick up the pieces.

of the Lockheed-designed interceptors, built under license by Messerschmitt, fell out of the sky. The wreck rate was a disastrous 83.6 crashes per 100,000 hours of flying time; the international norm is between 15 and 20 crashes per 100,000 flying hours. One problem was that the Germans turned what had been designed as a fair-weather, high-altitude interceptor into a low-altitude, multi-purpose fighter-bomber and tried to fly it in the tricky weather of Central Europe. Another difficulty was that the Luftwaffe's pilots and maintenance men lacked the training and experience to handle the complicated, equipment-crammed plane. Before long, the Starfighter came to be known as the "flying coffin."

When the 100th crash occurred last week, however, there was hardly a murmur in the German press. The reason is that the crash rate in Germany is down to 10.8 per 100,000 flying hours.

Much of the credit goes to Lieut. General Johannes Steinhoff, 56, a hardened World War II ace who shot down 176 planes over Britain, Africa, Italy and Russia and had his face badly mangled in the last of his twelve crack-ups less than a month before the German surrender. Steinhoff took over the Luftwaffe in 1966 with a mandate to "pick up the pieces" of the Starfighter scandal. He tightened organizational control, farmed out some Starfighter maintenance to private industry, which was better equipped to handle it than the Luftwaffe, and introduced more than 2,000 design and safety changes. He also urged his Starfighter pilots to "fly, fly, fly." Today, his men average 500 to 1,000 hours in the air instead of fewer than 200, the figure when he took over. As a result, Steinhoff now has enough confidence in the Starfighter and his pilots' skills to have ordered 50 more of the planes to be taken into the Luftwaffe into the 1970s.

A 30-Day Reprieve For the Pups

WHEN a team of Montreal moviemakers filmed seal hunters bashing in the skulls of cuddly baby seals on the pristine ice floes off the east coast of Canada, the shots were seen round the world. That was five years ago, and the howls of protest have still not subsided. Complained Jack Davis, Canada's Minister of Fisheries: "A lot of young people in distant countries now think of Canada only in terms of seals."

Last week the Canadian government howled to pressure and banned the killing of month-old seal pups in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The new policy means that the killing will now be restricted to seals over a month old. After one month the pups reach the "beater" stage, when they turn from white to brown and, leaving their ice floes, "beat" their way north to the Arctic. Hunters may use guns or arrows but may no longer club seals of any age to death.

Why is it more acceptable to kill "beater" seals than younger pups? "Well," explained Jack Davis, "Mother has left, and the animal is no longer as cute as it was. . . ." Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau pointed out that the ban on clubs may result in less humane methods of killing. "But those who protest," he noted candidly, "won't be shown the same photographs of baby seals with their big blue or brown eyes."

DUNCAN CAMERON—CAPITAL PRESS



HUNTERS WITH CANADIAN SEAL PUPS

SOUTH AFRICA

The Fight Goes On

When South African Prime Minister Johannes Balthazar Vorster took office three years ago, he seemed the ideal man to continue the white supremacist ways of his predecessors—Johannes Strijdom, Daniel Malan and Hendrik Verwoerd. Grim and humorless, he had served five years as Minister of Justice and took credit for some of South Africa's harshest *apartheid* laws. To the ruling Nationalist Party, he was a hero, dedicated to preserving its policy of strict color separation. It is little short of amazing, then, that Vorster should now be under attack by Nationalist right-wingers as a dangerous liberal.

In the Transvaal, stronghold of the most intransigent white supremacists, a long-simmering quarrel between Vorster and the archreactionaries has burst into the open. Super-Segregationist Dr. Albert Hertzog, 70, expelled from the party last month, will formally launch a new political union this week—the Christian National Party—to challenge the Nationalists. For nearly 40 years, Hertzog has worked for *apartheid*. As he told 2,000 yelling, stamping followers in Pretoria, the Transvaal capital: "*Die stryd duur voort*"—the fight goes on. "I was expelled," he said, "not because I deviated from party principles but because I wanted to maintain the principles in their purest form."

Looking Outward. To Hertzog—and to a significant number of other Afrikaners—Vorster has broken the rules. He has not violated basic attitudes, in their view, because he still believes devoutly in *apartheid*. But Hertzog and his followers accuse the Prime Minister of "weak, vacillating and opportunistic leadership, resulting in the Nationalist Party being ripped from stem to stern."

Since he took power in 1966—in the wake of Verwoerd's assassination—Vorster has embraced the heretical belief that South Africa should change its policy of all-out separation from the black African states to the north. His "outward-looking" policy, built on Verwoerd's first gestures in this direction, has succeeded in creating an odd but effective trade grouping, of white- and black-ruled states in southern Africa: Lesotho, Botswana, Swaziland, Malawi, Rhodesia and the Portuguese territories of Mozambique and Angola. Overtures have been made, moreover, to other black republics.

Vorster has encouraged immigration from Europe at the rate of 50,000 a year to keep white South Africa from being totally submerged by blacks. The right-wingers complain, however, that the newcomers, mostly Southern European Catholics, will soon outnumber the Dutch-descended, Afrikaans-speaking Calvinists, who have increasingly dominated South African politics since the 1930s. In any event, Vorster's immigration effort seems doomed. Current



HERTZOG & POSTER OF VORSTER
Purist of principles.

projections indicate that by the year 2000, there will be 70 nonwhites to every white in South Africa. Even today, white South Africans total only 3,600,000, compared with 13 million blacks and 1,800,000 half-castes, or "Coloreds." To add to his sins, Vorster has tried to lure English-speaking South Africans into the Nationalist Party.

Political Football. What finally prompted the right-wingers to lose patience with Vorster—and vice versa—was a rugby match. Last August, the Prime Minister announced that he was permitting New Zealand's rugby team, which includes native Maoris, to compete in South Africa next year. Appalled, the right wing began an all-out assault on him. Though warned by party officials to temper their criticism, right-wingers intensified it instead. Hertzog and two other members of Parliament were thrown out of the Nationalist Party. There was never any question of their joining the weak opposition United Party, which also endorses *apartheid*. It is dominated by descendants of English settlers, who are

anathema to the ultra-right Afrikaners.

Hertzog, who entered politics in 1930, won fame of sorts by barring television from the country while he was Minister of Posts and Telegraph under Vorster. After Vorster dropped him from the Cabinet in 1968, Hertzog became leader of South Africa's *verkrampies* (narrow-minded ones), in opposition to Vorster's *verligtes* (enlightened ones). In a high-pitched voice, he asks backers to join him in the struggle "to make South Africa a safe country for the white man." In an attempt to keep Hertzog's followers from gathering strength, Vorster has scheduled national elections for next April, a year ahead of time. More significant, he and other Nationalists, under pressure from Hertzog's allies, have begun making concessions to the right.

SOMALIA

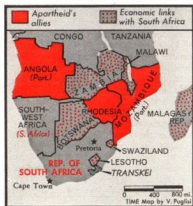
Death of a President

Since the Somali Republic became independent in 1960, it has never experienced a coup—military or otherwise. There have been political killings aplenty, however. In last March's national elections, at least five officials of the ruling Somali Youth League were assassinated, and 16 persons died in a scuffle at Las Anod, a remote settlement in the nomadic grazing lands of the north. Last week Las Anod's bloody reputation was reinforced. As President Abdirashid Ali Shermarke, 49, stepped from his car in Las Anod on the last stop of a ten-day tour of the drought-stricken north, he was shot dead by a 22-year-old policeman, who then quietly surrendered.

Little Unrest. It seemed a pointless killing. Shermarke had gained a mild reputation abroad as a troublemaker when he served as the nation's first Prime Minister between 1960 and 1964, largely because of his efforts to obtain sovereignty over those parts of northern Kenya and eastern Ethiopia roamed by Somali nomads. His domestic policies, however, had produced little unrest. After a three-year period out of office, he was elected President in 1967. He chose as his Prime Minister Mohammed Haji Ibrahim Egal, 41, who promptly proceeded to end the border frictions.

Despite this seeming reversal of Shermarke's "Greater Somalia" policies, there was no evidence of friction between President and Prime Minister. Nor, for that matter, were there important political tensions in the nation itself. Then why was Shermarke killed? The assassination might have resulted from a personal or tribal grudge: the alleged killer, Abulkadir Abdi Mohamed, belongs to the same tribal family as Shermarke, though not to the same clan.

Within a month, the National Assembly is scheduled to meet to elect a new President. No matter who wins, Somalia is expected to continue its recent policy of live-and-let-live with neighboring Kenya and Ethiopia.



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PEOPLE

Director John Guillermin got off to a very bad start with his leading lady. He reportedly began by asking her to strip so that he could see if she was qualified for the part. Swedish Actress **Ewa Aulin**, who had stripped willingly enough in *Candy*, objected strenuously. So did her husband. The way Ewa remembers it, Guillermin made matters worse by saying he could not understand her modesty and telling her, "You're no better than a whore." By-standers kept her husband from Guillermin's throat, and Ewa dropped out of the cast of *El Condor* in a fury. "If the producer wants a show girl, he should contact one," she said. "It would be much cheaper for him all around." Ewa had previously objected to two "superfluous" skin bits in the Spanish version, one a bed scene with **Jim Brown** and the other a nude-at-the-window scene in front of a large crowd. "I don't object to nudity," she explained. "I object to crudity."

"I know Mia and Andre are going to give this baby the right kind of love and devotion. That's the whole point, isn't it?" said the prospective grandmother, Actress **Maureen O'Sullivan**. It had better be—because the prospective father, Composer-Conductor **Andre Previn**, will not even discuss the possibility of marrying **Mia Farrow**, who is expecting his baby in the spring. Andre, in fact, is still married to his second wife Dory. But the Previn has separated, and he has bought a little farmhouse in Surrey, England, where he

and Mia hope to settle down after the Broadway opening of *Coco*, for which he wrote the music. "It's not a farm. Just a farmhouse. I couldn't manage a farm."

The conductor began by dropping the baton. He followed that gaffe by indicating one tempo with his hands while calling for another. Still, the musicians did not seem to mind, as the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra staggered through Brahms' Third Symphony. "I have never in all my years on the concert stage conducted an orchestra," **Artur Rubinstein** had confided to the concertmaster. "I have dreamed of it since I was a little boy. You will think me a fool, but would the orchestra permit me to conduct a rehearsal?" The orchestra was

ALLAN DI CICCIO

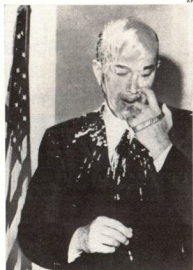


ARTUR RUBINSTEIN
Dream of glory.

only too happy, and the great pianist, 80, was delighted. "I learned a tremendous lesson today," he said when he had finished. "I now realize how much is involved."

He has yet to put in his bid for the moon, but Houston's multimillionaire promoter, Judge **Roy Hofheinz**, is getting closer all the time. He has the Astrodome and baseball's Houston Astros, has developed an "Astroworld" to rival Disneyland. And now he has **Paul Haney**, 41, formerly NASA's Voice of Apollo. "The voice of the astronauts will become the voice of the Astros," said the judge, as he announced that Haney would become the ball club's vice president for public affairs. Said Haney: "I understand there are three strikes and four balls. I'll learn the rest as I go. I was a part of the greatest show off the earth, and now I'm working for the greatest show on earth."

One of the few casualties of the peaceful and orderly Moratorium Day activities was **Clark Kerr**, former president of the University of California. As he ad-



CLARK KERR
Peace of pie.

ressed an Indiana University audience on the eve of M-day, counseling non-violence, someone turned off the lights in the lecture hall. A figure in a gaudy Halloween costume and mask dashed in from a side door and hurled a custard pie into Kerr's face. He scored a direct hit, then raced away. (Collared and later unmasked by police, the masquerader, a onetime student radical, was arrested.) Dr. Kerr calmly removed his glasses and wiped them clean with his handkerchief. "I'd like to ask for equal time," he said quietly. The students gave him a standing ovation.

Russ Gibb, disk jockey for Detroit radio station WKNR, had a startling announcement. **Paul McCartney** of the Beatles, he said, has been dead for several years, and is being impersonated by a double. Gibb figured it all out from two Beatles album covers. The new *Abbey Road* cover, he explained, shows **Ringo Starr** dressed as an undertaker, **George Harrison** as a gravedigger, and **John Lennon** as a religious personage. Paul is dressed in a normal suit and is barefoot—the mark of a corpse laid out for burial in Italy. The license plate on a parked Volkswagen reads "28IF," meaning that Paul would have been 28 if he had lived. On the second album cover, *Magical Mystery Tour* (1967), Gibb found an equally arcane message; Paul is dressed in black, the others in white; an inside picture shows Paul as a soldier above a sign reading "I Was You"; the back cover shows him wearing a black flower—the other three have red ones—alongside a funeral wreath. For a final tip-off, Gibb recalled a McCartney look-alike contest held two years ago. The winner was never announced, said the disk jockey, because he filled Paul's slot. Nonsense, answered a Beatle flack: "I haven't seen him for a few weeks, but I know he's there."



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Pacific Northwest forests of Douglas fir, hemlock and other species supply a major share of our lumber and paper raw materials.

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Moving heavy logs from mountain-side to sawmill is no job for weaklings. It takes hefty machines like this Washington interlocking mobile yarder. Equipped with a Clark power train—heavy-duty drive axles and power-shift transmission—the yarder has plenty of

traction for climbing rugged mountain roads, plenty of muscle for pulling logs from mature timber out of the woods. From its 110-foot spar, cables reach out to yard the felled timber which is then loaded onto trucks.

This is the kind of help logging men expect from Clark. The same company that builds earthmoving equipment, axles and transmissions, lift trucks, truck trailers and commercial refrigeration equipment. Clark Equipment Company, Buchanan, Michigan 49107.

Mobile yarder equipped with Clark planetary drive axles and converter/power-shift transmission pulls heavy saw logs up the mountain.



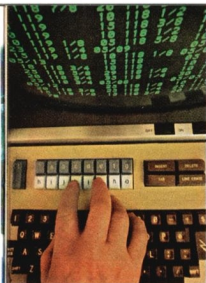
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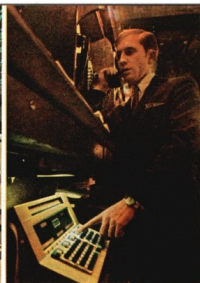


Automation registers prices at this trading post. With each sale in the stocks traded here, floor brokers can instantly assess price changes. Other changes on the floor are in the offing. By the late 1970's, computers will speed up virtually all clerical operations on the floor now done by hand.

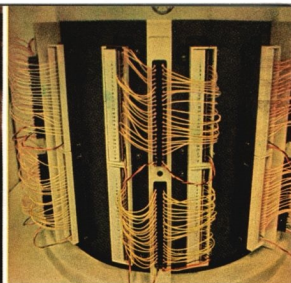
some of the world's most sophisticated
automation sets the stage for
60-million share days.



2 BAS—The Exchange's new Block Automation System—designed to help institutional investors and member firms locate buyers and sellers for large blocks of listed stocks, usually 5,000 shares or more at a clip. The terminal you see here, similar to closed-circuit TV, will be part of a network connecting institutions and brokers with a central computerized information center.



3 Neither has the Exchange forgotten the small investor. A 3-phase program to totally automate odd-lot trading (usually 1 to 99 shares) is underway. Phase 1 of this program has been successfully launched. Phase 2 is now in the works. Here, we see a clerk transmitting a broker's odd-lot order on new electronic test equipment to a location under the floor where it will be time stamped and priced.



4 These wires are part of a "memory drum" system recording each round-lot trade as it occurs on the floor. It is just one function of the NYSE Market Data System. These drums can record volume of up to 30 million shares a day now. Third-generation computers will give the system capacity to handle 60-million share days. The same Market Data System also alerts surveillance personnel to unusual price fluctuations in a stock as they occur during trading.



5 Computer operator running a tabulation of stock deliveries between selling and buying brokers. On an average day, a half-billion dollars worth of stocks are delivered electronically between brokers through the Exchange's Central Certificate Service. CCS was designed to eliminate much of the paper work that used to be a regular and cumbersome part of hand delivery.

There are few things you do in this world that are so personal, and involve your judgment so decisively, as buying and selling stocks.

As far as judgment is concerned, the best machine is the one on your shoulders.

After your decision is made, automation comes into play. These pictures give you just a glimpse of some of the computers and systems at work right now or being developed at the New York Stock Exchange.

These units are basic building blocks for a broad, integrated system planned by the Exchange to handle as much as 60 million shares a day within the next ten years. (That's almost three times as many shares as the most active day in our history.)

Together with automation in many member firm offices (an estimated total of \$100 million worth of new

equipment and programming a year), the Exchange's new long range automation program is revolutionizing the process of trading and record-keeping.

Adapting modern technology to the highly personal process of buying and selling stocks is just one example of the vigor of the central market and its ability to resolve the needs of an expanding democracy of shareowners through creative innovation.



**Members and Member Firms
New York Stock Exchange**

A strong central market serves the public interest.



ILLUSTRATIONS AND TEXT FROM "THE LOG OF THE CUTTY SARK" REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION OF BROWN, SON & FERGUSON, LTD., FUELINGERS, GLASGOW. OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PITKIN PICTORIALS LTD., LONDON.

"Cutty Sark first... the rest nowhere"

By 1886, the newspaper headline, "CUTTY SARK First..." was an old story. Year after year, CUTTY beat the fleet home in the annual clipper races from the Far East. But few...except blue water seamen...knew about the extraordinary men who had made CUTTY a legend. For example:



Tony Robson, far right, one of the most storied characters of the clipper era. He was Chinese. As a baby, he'd been discovered in the South China Sea, alone, in a small, rotting boat. He spent his life at sea... and picked up a broad Scots accent from the crews with which he served. Like many of the crewmen aboard CUTTY, he was such a superb seaman, he could have commanded any clipper.



Hercules Linton, brilliant young designer, conceived CUTTY as a 921-ton yacht, and gave her lines that produced speeds up to 17.5 knots. He contracted to build her for £16,150... and went bankrupt trying to meet her owners' almost outrageously strict standards.



Richard Woodget, perhaps the most honored master ever to tread a clipper's quarterdeck. He drove CUTTY SARK to yet-to-be-equalled records. He forged CUTTY into such a legend, that apprentices and officers frequently paid her owners a cash premium to serve aboard her. More than any other man, he made CUTTY SARK No. 1.



Only the best can be No. 1. And today, Cutty Sark is America's best-selling Scotch. Cutty is Number One. The reason is Cutty's consistently distinguished taste. Generation after generation, Cutty has blended only the finest of Scotland's best whiskies to create the uniquely rewarding Cutty taste: The taste to be savored; the taste of exceptional Scotch. Sooner or later, most people arrive at Cutty. So come to Cutty tonight. You'll be in the best of company.

SPORT

A Fable for Our Time

ONCE, long ago in the verdant land of New York's Flushing Meadow, there lived a band of sportsmen who got together often to play the ancient game of baseball. They were called the Mets. They were also called the Amazonin' Mets, because they did not play baseball very well. They were, as everyone knows, terrible. But the people of Flushing Meadow loved them; they loved the antics performed by the Amazonin' Mets, and they loved their names: Marv Throneberry, Hot Rod Kanehl, Choo Choo Coleman. The people went to Shea Stadium, where the Mets booted away their home games and waved

"I'm the only Met ever to lose a World Series game," said Pitcher Seaver, and everyone laughed. But Seaver did not really think losing was particularly amusing, and he reminded everyone, "God is not only alive and well in New York, but the Mets pay his rent."

Perhaps God decided to pay them back. Their peerless outfielders Tom Agee and Ron Swoboda (a relic of the days of the hapless Mets) began making supernatural catches. Donn Clendenon, who at the start of the season was a seller of Scripto pens, hit three home runs. Infielder Al Weis, a man who had never harmed anyone in his

plate and put the Orioles behind, three games to one. In the final game the Oriole pitcher and first baseman conspired to commit two errors on a single play (shades of Marvlon!) to permit the last, poetic Met run to score. The Oriole manager, a stocky fellow named Weaver, even began to look and act like a funny old fellow named Casey Stengel, who used to run the Mets. During the fourth game, in a transport of fury, Weaver was banished from the field. But nothing could hide the awful fact that the Oriole power had failed. Their heralded hitters mustered only a combined batting average of .146. Not even Hot Rod and Choo Choo had ever sunk that low.

Anointed. Thus it was that the hapless, hopeless Mets, who had kept the world in high humor for seven Pagliaccian years, triumphed in four succeeding



MET FANS CELEBRATING

And truly, as everyone said, it was amazonin'.



DIGGING UP SHEA TURF

banners that proclaimed LOSING ISN'T EVERYTHING—IT'S THE ONLY THING. But then the Mets got tired of losing. They acquired a new breed of men; men who had been raised on a Breakfast of Champions, men with strong, clean names like Tom Seaver and Jerry Koosman. And suddenly they began to win. In the year 1969, the Amazonin' beat out the Chicago Cubs for their division title; then they whipped the boys from Atlanta soundly to win the National League pennant.

Shoe Black. So it came to pass that the Mets found themselves competing in the world championship of baseball. Their foes were the strongest, most arrogant players of all—the gang from Menckenville. "A fluke," said the wise men of Las Vegas. They called the Mets 8-5 underdogs. And, as predicted, the Mets lost the first game, 4-1. All the talk was of bubbles bursting and of the explosion of impossible dreams. "We told you so," said the smart-money bettors. But the Mets were undaunted; they refused to heed the doomsayers.

life, tied the last game with a home run. And when the Mets could not hit, they found other, more devious ways of arriving at first base. Not even the umpire, for instance, knew that Batter Cleon Jones had been hit on the foot by a pitch—until Manager Gilbert Hodges produced the ball with shoe blacking on it. Some said that Hodges had carried that smudged ball in his pocket all season long, waiting for the wonderful moment when it would be needed.

Meanwhile, stranger things were happening to the men from Menckenville. As the Mets came to look more and more like true champions, the Orioles (as they are called, after their state bird) came to look more and more like the Mets of old. It was amazonin'.

Their outfielders grew sorely confused when baseballs flew their way; time after time, the balls landed safely between them. In the tenth inning of the fourth game, their pitcher hit a Met base runner on the wrist while trying to throw the ball to first. That blunder allowed the winning run to reach the

contests to win the World Series. Their praises were trumpeted throughout the land. The people of New York went gloriously insane. They danced and sang and flooded the streets with paper; they tore the Shea Stadium turf to shreds and carried it home for souvenirs. King Lindsay the Shrewd, who after four precarious years of rule in his beleaguered city had come to understand the merit of identifying with a winner, appeared to anoint the Mets with effervescent waters. But the victory belonged to the doughty and determined fans who had stood behind their beloved anti-heroes through seven years of tears and laughter. At long last, not only a National League pennant but also a World Series flag fluttered in the breeze atop Shea Stadium.

Everyone agreed that it was amazonin'. It was even more than that, said the Mets' ancient and revered manager Casey Stengel, who offered the World Series' ultimate moral: "You can't be lucky every day. But you can if you get good pitchin'."

SCIENCE

SPACE

Orbital Troika

With no warning, Moscow television abruptly interrupted its mid-afternoon program. Moments later it showed videotaped views of the Soviet Union's huge space center at Baikonur in Central Asia. Two smiling cosmonauts, dressed in leather jackets and fatigues, arrived at the launch site. After exchanging ritual greetings with Soviet space officials, they waved to workmen and clambered aboard their big spaceship, Soyuz 6. They had every reason to be happy. As it disappeared into the cloud-covered Kazakhstan skies, the latest Soyuz got

out atmospheric interference; it could also serve as a platform for launching rockets to the moon and more distant targets. Freed from the earth's gravity, a rocket assembled and launched in space would require far less fuel and thrust. Last January, the Soviets achieved a primitive space station of sorts with the temporary hookup of Soyuz 4 and 5. On the eve of the Soyuz 6 flight, the Soviet magazine *Nedelya* commented: "Man must build himself a house wherever he goes: on the tundra, in the forests, in the mountains, on the bottom of the oceans, and now in space."

The triple flight fell far short of that grandiose goal. After five days in orbit,

to accommodate as many as 100 scientists and technicians.

By then, the Soviets may be orbiting comparable bases of their own. Last week's Soyuz shots showed that the Russians are already capable of rapidly lofting the huge amounts of equipment required for building in space. For their space troika, the Soviets needed several firing and mission-control centers, a complex three-way communications setup and three separate launch pads. NASA officials confessed that the U.S. would be hard-pressed to match the Soviet feat, since it lacks such vast ground facilities.

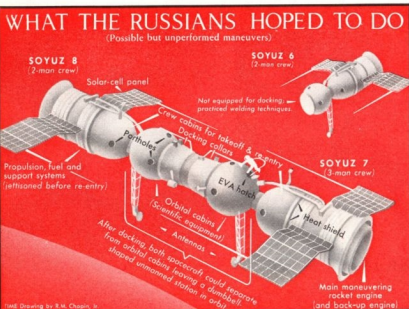
The rest of the Soviet space effort has not gone as smoothly as Soyuz. U.S. officials, for example, are still awaiting the first successful flight of Russia's Nova-class booster, which is supposed to be nearly twice as powerful as Saturn 5 with its 75 million lbs. of thrust; Nova's glitches, in fact, may well have cost the Russians the race to the moon. And there is no doubt that they find the loss embarrassing. Musing over the meaning of the Soyuz flights last week, a young Muscovite commented somewhat wistfully: "It's not much compared with the moon, is it?"

Back to the Moon

Even as the Soviet troika circled the earth, the U.S. was busily preparing a space spectacular of its own. On the morning of Nov. 14, only 117 days after man's conquest of the moon, the eyes of the world will again be focused on Cape Kennedy's pad 39A. Though the flight of Apollo 12 may seem like history revived, the second American effort to land men on the moon should be almost as dramatic as its predecessor. It will demand every bit as much daring from its all-Navy crew.

Riding atop a thundering Saturn 5 booster, the Apollo 12 astronauts will use a rocketry system virtually identical to the one that propelled Apollo 11. Yet their nautically named command ship, *Yankee Clipper*, will blaze its own distinctive path. Halfway to the moon, Apollo 12 Skipper Charles ("Pete") Conrad, 39, a veteran of two earth-girdling Gemini flights, will fire the spacecraft's service propulsion engine, jolting the ship out of its "free-return" trajectory. No longer able to loop the moon automatically and return to earth, should its engine falter, Apollo 12 could be lost forever in an orbit around the sun. But NASA flight planners feel that the maneuver is worth the risk: it will save crucial fuel reserves on the way to the landing site in the Sea of Storms, roughly 860 miles west of Tranquility Base.

Conrad's Parking Lot. Leaving Gemini Veteran Richard F. Gordon Jr., 40, behind in the mother ship, Conrad will descend with Space Rookie Alan Bean, 37, to the moon's surface in a lunar module called *Intrepid*, namesake of seven fighting ships from U.S. naval history. Conrad is so confident of *In-*



the Soviets off to the busiest week of rocketry since they began the space race with the flight of Sputnik 1 twelve years ago.

It was the first manned Soviet space flight in nine months, and the mission soon expanded. Within three days Soyuz 7 and 8 were also aloft; a record total of seven men were in orbit around the earth. Only slightly more communicative than usual, Soviet officials announced that the high-flying troika would maneuver in formation, test a common flight-control system and carry out several important scientific tasks, including an attempt to weld metal in the zero-gravity vacuum of space. Although they studiously avoided saying so, the Russians seemed determined to practice the techniques involved in docking large spacecraft and constructing a rudimentary space station.

Not only was a space station over the earth and studying the heavens with-

Soyuz 6 returned to earth. So did the other two spacecraft at week's end. Even the cryptic Soviet commentators virtually conceded that the flights were more of a trial run than an actual attempt at orbital housebuilding. Still, if the Soviets master the difficult technique of space welding, which they attempted in a depressurized chamber inside Soyuz 6, they may well try to build a space station for the 100th anniversary of Lenin's birth next April.

Nova's Glitches. U.S. space officials also put a premium on space stations. Only last month President Nixon's space advisory panel declared that they should be NASA's next big goal. Because of the priority placed on the lunar program, though, a U.S. space station is at least two years away. Even so, it will house only three men; to avoid the welding problem, NASA designers plan to latch the parts together mechanically. In 1975, NASA hopes to build a twelve-man complex that could be expanded



(A rueful report from the MONY files of frustrating cases)

GOLIATH: That's me, pal, Goliath, Single Combat Champion of the World. Like I said it in poetry in the *Daily Philistine*, "Though men of many nations trieth/No one yet hath beat Goliath."

MONY MAN: Sir, little things in life's big hopper/Often make us come a cropper. But we at MONY are not known for our poetry. We're known for being one of the strongest life and health insurance companies in the world.

GOLIATH: All the strength I need to protect my wife and kiddies is packed in this sword. Anyway, paying premiums doth give me a pain.

MONY MAN: Frankly, Mr. Goliath, they doth give many people a pain. But MONY has a plan that makes it almost painless. It's called MONY-matic. Monthly payments are automatically deducted from your bank account and...

GOLIATH: Even so, life insurance is for ordinary mortals, not for me. I'll live to be a hundred!

Ed. Note: As is known to one and all, Goliath met up with a young harp player named Little David and went out and got stoned. And while his demise was popular with most of the populace, it wasn't with his penniless wife and kiddies. Which brings us to the following moral.

MORAL:

The smart thing is to prepare for the unexpected.

The smart way is with insurance from MONY.

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ZENITH



Stereo sound that will fill the room. In a portable that won't.

Now you can have big stereo sound without a big stereo. All it takes is our compact portable in the deluxe new grained walnut color cabinet. With 20 watts of peak music power to drive two 9" oval and two 3½" speakers, plus full controls and the Micro-Touch® 2G Tone Arm that won't ever accidentally ruin your records. Ask to hear The Woodridge, Model A555W, at your Zenith dealer's.

At Zenith, the quality goes in before the name goes on

If it weren't for a volcano, Leilani would taste and cost the same as any ordinary rum.



LEILANI HAWAIIAN RUM • 60 PROOF

CALLERT DISTILLERS CO., HONOLULU, HAWAII

On the Hawaiian island of Maui, there's a dormant volcano called Haleakala. And the land that surrounds it is rich in volcanic ash. Which is why we have the juiciest sugar cane in the world. And why Leilani has such a light, distinctive flavor.

However, Leilani does cost a little

more. That's because we make it in a small distillery. And we make it slowly. Carefully. In small batches. On a remote island. So we can't make much of it. But we think you'll find the taste so pleasant, you won't mind paying that little bit extra.

After all, Leilani is made in paradise.

trepid's navigational gear that he plans to fly a "heads up" approach. He will face the darkness of space until he is little more than a mile from the lunar surface; then he will pitch *Intrepid* forward for his first glimpse of the small, rockless landing area, which his shipmates have already nicknamed "Conrad's parking lot."

During 32 hours on the moon, Conrad and Bean will take two strolls, each lasting 3½ to 4 hrs., gather about 130 lbs. of lunar rocks, and stage several scientific experiments. In addition to such familiar activities as measuring bombardment of the moon by solar particles and setting up another seismometer to detect lunar rumbling, the astronauts will leave behind three sophisticated instruments: 1) a magnetometer to take readings of the moon's weak, though detectable magnetic field that may tip off scientists to the moon's internal structure; 2) an ion detector capable of determining the nature of charged electrical particles near the lunar surface; 3) a cold cathode gauge to measure the density of the thin lunar atmosphere. Powered by an atomic generator that will produce electricity from the heat given off by its radioactive plutonium core, these instruments are designed to radio back telltale clues about the moon's makeup for at least a year.

Deliberate Crash. The astronauts' most ambitious lunar excursion will be down the 12° slope of the nearby 665-ft.-wide crater that has been the resting place of Surveyor 3 ever since the unmanned probe soft-landed on the moon more than two years ago. Bean will descend first, attached to Conrad with an Alpine-style tether. If all goes well, the two men will try to reach the spidery spacecraft, examine and photograph it and then bring back some of its parts, including a 17-lb. TV camera. These cannibalized samples should provide spacecraft designers with invaluable information about the kind of wear they can expect in equipment at future lunar bases.

Even the departure from the moon will be somewhat different. Once they rejoin *Yankee Clipper* 69 miles overhead, Conrad and Bean will send *Intrepid's* ascent stage crashing into the moon rather than into a lunar orbit. This will eliminate a potential hazard to future lunar navigation as well as cause enough of a thud to give earthbound seismologists a good calibration test of the new lunar seismometer. Next, the astronauts will shoot a series of closeup photographs of the moon, using both ordinary and infra-red film to help NASA planners pick out landing sites for the remaining eight Apollo missions. Finally, *Yankee Clipper's* engine will be fired once again to begin the long, leisurely journey back to earth. Ten days 4 hr. 30 min. after it sets off from Cape Kennedy, Apollo 12 should splash down in the Pacific, 525 miles east of Samoa, to end man's second successful expedition to the moon.



The Fireplace shirt.

You remember how the poem goes: "The North wind doth blow and we shall have," da-de-dum and so forth. But who cares—as long as it's outside and you're in here. All wrapped up in the Fireside shirt.

A warm, cozy Glen Plaid that comes in Cognac, or nine other glowing colors. With new Madison collar, to let you curl up and relax in style.

Sanforized-Plus-2 and DECTON Perma-Iron, it never needs ironing. So your wife

can take it easy on cold winter nights.

The Fireplace shirt. Along with matching plaid tie and handkerchief. Please pass the marshmallows.

Arrow

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the white shirt company.



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1970 CADILLAC



1970 CHEVROLET

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Here's a chance to enjoy a totally new out-of-town experience. Let Max, the computer with a heart, fix you up with a 1970 Chevy or some other beautiful new GM model on your next trip.

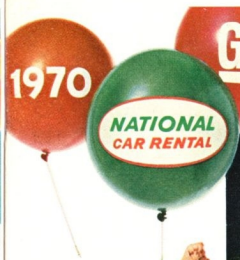
Whatever your preference, all you have to do to get a guaranteed car date is call National's toll-free number: 800-328-4567.

Only National can guarantee reservations, thanks to Max. Max keeps a constant inventory of what models are available, so when you ask for a cute Chevy in Cheyenne or

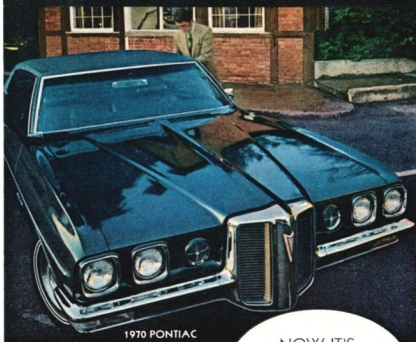
a big, sexy Pontiac in Pittsburgh, he knows instantly if one will be available.

So buy smart: rent first. Let Max fix you up. Sample a sleek new Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick or Cadillac at National—the Traveling Man's GM Showroom (where the National counter girls look pretty sleek themselves in their new, 1970 uniforms).

If you're home this week-end, look for the "Buy Smart, Rent First" advertisements in your local paper. You and a brand new GM car just might fall in love at first sight.



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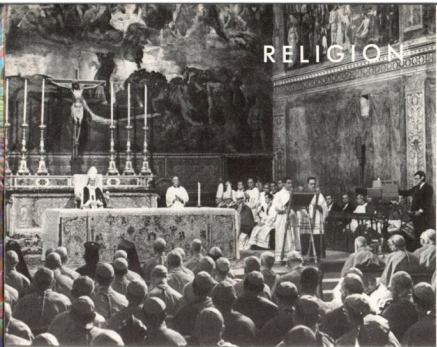
True, an increasingly sophisticated array of glass products has broadened our involvement in that field. But acquisition of Aeroquip Corporation gave us major capabilities in such new areas as hydraulic and pneumatic systems.

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RELIGION



POPE PAUL & SYNOD AT MASS IN SISTINE CHAPEL

ROMAN CATHOLICS The Prelates Speak Out

In St. Peter's Square, underneath the shuttered windows of Pope Paul's apartments in the Vatican, progressive and conservative Roman Catholics came to blows last week. When a group of Italian faithful held a vigil to dramatize their demand for "a church of the poor," they were denounced by irate conservatives. "Communists!" they yelled. "Get out of Rome! Long live the Pope!" The scuffle in the streets was symptomatic of the conflict within the Vatican, where 144 prelates assembled this week for the second Bishops' Synod. In the Hall of Broken Heads, once the storage place for discarded statues, they began discussions about the troubled relationship between the Pope and his bishops.

Not since Vatican I in 1870 had there been such a direct challenge to papal absolutism within the church hierarchy. As expected, that challenge was epitomized by Leo-Jozef Cardinal Suensens of Belgium (TIME, Aug. 1). Although a personal friend of Pope Paul's, Suensens became the *de facto* leader of the progressive wing of the Catholic hierarchy earlier this year with a widely publicized attack on extreme papalism. He continued his campaign last week. In a bold speech, Suensens criticized those conservatives who cling to the concept of an absolute papacy, resembling the French monarchy before the 1789 revolution. He agreed that bishops share church authority both "with" and "under" the Pope, but insisted that modern times require decision-making in a spirit of cooperation and co-responsibility. The Vatican newspaper *L'Osservatore Romano* and legalistic defenders of the status quo who see the bishops' authority as only "under" the Pope, Suensens said, in effect equate absolutism with orthodoxy.

Thirty-six of the prelates had been hand-picked by the Pope or were Curia members, and a majority of the others had been considered supporters of a conservative viewpoint. Yet speaker after speaker amplified Cardinal Suensens' concern. A surprisingly large number of those who spoke urged a quick and broad implementation of collegiality, or shared authority—a principle that had been enunciated by Vatican II, but never clearly spelled out. Yet Pope Paul ignored it altogether last year when he failed to consult his bishops throughout the world before issuing his controversial *Humanae Vitae* encyclical opposing artificial birth control. Perhaps more than anything else, the resulting uproar precipitated a crisis of authority and led to the calling of the synod.

Considerable Confusion. During one synod session, Justin Cardinal Darmojuwono of Indonesia openly told Pope Paul that many bishops privately opposed his birth-control ruling. He recognized that the Pontiff was free to use his supreme power as he saw fit, but in "grave and major matters" affecting the entire church, the cardinal said, it was only fitting to use the advice of bishops. Otherwise, there might well be a repetition of the birth-control crisis.

Other participants took issue with the *schemata* (the official working paper) on collegiality that was drawn up for the synod by the Holy Office. Bernard Jan Cardinal Alfrink of The Netherlands, who heads the most radical branch of the Roman Catholic Church, found it utterly "juridical" and obscure. Even moderate, mild Cardinal Cooke of New York noted the "considerable confusion as to when dissent is legitimate in the church." Endorsing collegiality, he reminded the synod that "we live in an age of 'so-

cialization' and interdependence in which coordinated efforts are absolutely essential."

The conservatives did not remain silent in the face of the liberal challenge. Several prelates spoke fervently in support of a strict papal authority. Jean Cardinal Danielou of the Roman Curia, a frequent spokesman for the Vatican's views, argued that to face up to the very grave crisis in the Western world—the decline of faith, spiritual life and morals—the church now, more than ever, needs a "firm and sole authority."

Comfort and Encourage. Pope Paul attended four of the five three-hour sessions, and listened intently, but took no part in the discussion; his calling of the synod had been a tacit admission that the crisis of authority had to be debated. In his subtle opening address to the synod, the Pope managed both to comfort the conservatives and to encourage the liberals by holding out the hope for a wider application of collegiality—provided that "brotherly concord facilitates" his relations with the bishops. But he reaffirmed that as successor to Peter he retains full and final authority over the church. "The government of the church," he said, "has an original form of its own, which aims to reflect in its expression the wisdom and will of its divine founder."

Despite the strong feelings expressed during the first week of meetings, the synod remains a mere consultative body that cannot decide on changes by itself. Yet the voices of dissent raised in the Hall of Broken Heads were too numerous and powerful to be ignored. Karl Rahner, the progressive Jesuit theologian, succinctly summarized the week's events. "I found out," he noted dryly, "that I am not the only heretic in Rome."

Calvary in Rochester

Somehow, Bishop Fulton J. Sheen had never seemed an appropriate choice to head the diocese of Rochester, N.Y., with its 362,000 souls. Indeed, it was no secret in the church that the man once believed in line to succeed the late Francis Cardinal Spellman was restless and unhappy in his out-of-the-way post. As one friend expressed it: "After being on the heights of Mount Tabor all his life, the bishop found his Calvary in Rochester." Even so, his resignation last week at age 74, after less than three years in his first important pastoral post, came as a surprise.

Before Pope Paul VI named him bishop of the modest diocese in late 1966, Fulton Sheen was best known for his conversions of famous people and for popularizing the Roman Catholic religion with his magnetic television personality. Eventually, he drew an audience of 30 million for his weekly program, called *Life Is Worth Living*, rivaling Comedian Milton Berle in Nielsen ratings.

In Rochester, Bishop Sheen seemed to have no trouble making the tran-

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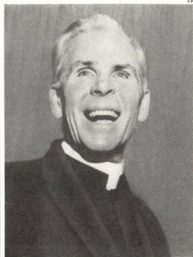
1. Up to \$40,000 in life insurance for each employee including yourself. We also provide up to \$20,000 extra for accidental death or dismemberment.
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BISHOP SHEEN

End to a personal Calvary.

sition from an imaginative interpreter of Catholic dogma to a shepherd, and he turned into an enthusiastic innovator for his flock. He democratized the administration of his diocese: he permitted his 583 priests to elect his chief aide, the vicar-general; he set up a clerical advisory council of elected members, and invited the auditing of the diocese's finances by a lay committee. One of his first moves was to appoint the Rev. P. David Finks, a youthful clergyman involved in civil rights causes, to serve as his "vicar for the urban ministry" in charge of slum problems.

Back to TV. But after the first few months, Bishop Sheen became the object of increasing criticism within his own diocese for not following through on his ideas and for failing to communicate with the ordinary parishioners. As a celebrity, he attracted large crowds wherever he went. He urged people to write to him personally about their problems, but when they wrote, they got form letters in reply. Many in his flock felt that he took too strong a position in support of Negro causes, notably a protest group's demand for 600 jobs at Eastman Kodak Co. Parishioners were angered and protested vigorously when he donated church property to the Federal Government last year without consulting them. Finally discouraged, Bishop Sheen pleaded during a 40-minute audience with the Pope last May to be released from his Rochester post. His request was granted.

"I am resigning the diocese," Bishop Sheen says. "I am not resigning work. I am not retiring. I am regenerating." His appointment by Rome as titular Archbishop of Newport, on the tiny island of Wight off the English coast, is but a traditional gesture and will claim none of his time. Instead, he plans to return to New York to write, lecture and take up his interrupted career as the Catholic TV evangelist through a syndicated weekly program.



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ENVIRONMENT

CONSERVATION

A New Say in Court

"On behalf of all the people of the U.S.," a militant housewife named Carol Yannacone last week filed a federal court suit against five major manufacturers of DDT. Charging that the pesticide has gravely damaged the nation's natural resources, she claims that the companies have violated both antitrust laws and the citizenry's constitutional rights. Mrs. Yannacone, a Long Island conservationist, proposes a remarkable remedy. She seeks not only an injunction against further advertising of DDT without a warning but also the payment of \$30 billion in reparations to local, state and federal governments. Whatever its fate in court, the Yannacone suit exemplifies a new conservationist passion: using the law as a weapon to help save the environment.

Until recently, conservationists generally lacked standing in the courts. Judges leaned toward litigants whose tangible property rights were threatened. But in 1965, an appellate court ordered the Federal Power Commission—for environmental reasons—to reconsider its approval of a power plant at Storm King Mountain on New York's Hudson River. The case stressed that federal regulatory agencies had a duty to seek out public interest in cases before them. It was a major step in opening the courts to conservationists.

Formidable Problems. Now the nation's rising awareness of ecology has moved scores of judges to listen. In the past summer alone, a federal judge delayed Walt Disney Productions' ski-resort scheme in California's Mineral King Valley until conservation groups can have their say in court. A six-lane highway planned to run along the Hudson River was stopped when conservationists cited an obscure law requiring congressional approval of any project involving a dike on an interstate navigable waterway.

Even so, formidable problems remain. For one, existing local laws that protect the environment are often poorly drafted and administered—making it especially important, as Chicago Lawyer Joseph Karaganis puts it, "to light a fire under public law-enforcement officials." Beyond that, conservationists' suits tend to be underfinanced, a handicap in fighting both large industries and the many small ones that contribute to regional air and water pollution. In addition, a court injunction against potential as well as present polluters still requires proof that irreparable damage is likely, a difficult task when it comes to such highly technical puzzles as last January's Santa Barbara oil spill.

The biggest problem of all, says Malcolm Baldwin, a lawyer for the Conservation Foundation in Washington, "is

getting a legal handle on the things that are happening all around you and that you know are wrong." In short, there is still little precedent for most conservation cases, though some broad legal avenues are now being explored.

► The "trust doctrine," which holds that public and private lands are subject to a "trust" held by the state for the benefit of the people. In the past, this doctrine has formed the basis of cases concerned with submerged lands

ALFRED STATLER



CAROL YANNAZONE
Light for the fire.

(where the public interest involves navigation, commerce, fishing rights). Washington Lawyer Anthony Roisman believes that the doctrine can be expanded to include a clean environment. Indeed, it has prevented the filling of several lakes around Madison, Wis.

► Nuisance law traditionally covers invasion of another's property rights, and is increasingly being applied to environmental pollution. "In air pollution," says Chicago Law Professor David Currie, "you may very well show that the value of your property was diminished because of the effects of smoke." General damage to the environment is harder to assess. Nuisance law is rarely applicable until after the damage is done.

► Antitrust law is being invoked by two Chicago aldermen in a \$3 billion air-pollution suit against General Motors, Ford and Chrysler. An estimated 60% of Chicago's air pollution is caused by automobile exhaust, and Lawyer Jerome Torsen plans to attack "the heart of the problem." He hopes to use the results of a special federal investigation prepared by the Justice Department for a similar antitrust suit in California, which charged that the auto companies conspired to keep anti-pollution devices off their cars. The Government recently

allowed the companies to settle that case out of court after they agreed not to block any development of the devices. But Lawyer Torsen is sure that he can apply the Government evidence to his case.

► The creation of a new body of law is the aim of the New York-based Environmental Defense Fund, organized in 1967 by Mrs. Yannacone's lawyer husband, Victor. Suing on behalf of all Americans, E.D.F. brings in expert witnesses, mainly scientists, to testify about environmental dangers, such as hard pesticides like DDT. The cases are always based on the idea that the public has the right to a healthy environment.

Intolerable Conditions. Such public airing of environmental problems has produced some important results. In New York, the legislature has adopted a proposed state constitutional amendment that guarantees every resident the right to a clean environment. Even more significant, the U.S. Senate recently passed bills introduced by Senators Henry Jackson and Edmund Muskie (now being reworded in House-Senate conferences) that would oblige all federal agencies to protect the environment—and make that protection a new constitutional right.

Meanwhile, court cases are carving new legal ground. Says Vermont Lawyer (and ex-Governor) Philip Hoff: "Business has learned that it can't go ahead, carte blanche, because it can be delayed for years by a lawyer committed to saving the environment." Adds E.D.F.'s Victor Yannacone: "Every piece of enlightened social legislation that has come down in the past 50 or 60 years has been preceded by a history of litigation. It is the highest use of the courtroom—even when we lose—to focus public attention and disseminate information about intolerable conditions."

THE LAND North American DMZ

In the field of ecology, who deserves a dunce cap this week? According to Wisconsin Senator Gaylord Nelson, the prize goes to the International Boundary Commission, which is now in the process of defoliating a 20-ft.-wide strip between the U.S. and Canada. The main purpose, says the commission, is to help establish jurisdiction in border disputes and plane crashes. Excluding water, the strip will extend over 2,964 miles of land.

What upsets Nelson is the fact that engineers are cutting the strip by spraying picloram, the same pesticide used by the U.S. military on the Demilitarized Zone in Viet Nam. The chemical kills sizable trees and brush vegetation for at least two years. In a letter to Secretary of State William Rogers this week, Nelson protests: "In effect, we are creating a North American DMZ, a sort of environmental disaster strip in the midst of some of the most magnificent wilderness country on earth."

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Parke-Davis urges you to support your legs.



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THE PRESS

REPORTERS

Taking a Stand

The San Francisco *Examiner* placed an editorial above its front-page logo, framed it with a red, white and blue border, and said: THE PROTEST MOVEMENT HELPS HANOI. The Birmingham *News* used a full page of color for the Stars and Stripes itself, topped by a Nixon quote: "Our road is not easy, not simple . . . but right." In its editorial space, the New York *Post* ran an obituary notice for the Viet Nam dead above 10 1/2 inches of white space.

Moratorium Day provoked other pre-

New York *Daily News* conceded the day after M-day that an "unknown number of sincere and entirely well-meaning persons" had taken part in what it earlier had termed a "treacherous nationwide jamboree."

Perhaps the most remarkable press reaction to M-day came not from the editorial writers and columnists, but from rank-and-file newsmen. In large numbers, they broke with tradition and became active participants in a controversial news event. Thousands across the nation signed petitions, attended rallies and wore Moratorium buttons. Many took off the buttons when they went on assign-

ments, but not all. Some television newsmen continued to wear black arm bands as they covered the giant public rally on Boston Common. Wall Street *Journal* staffers, some bearing placards identifying them as "Wall Street Journalists," joined in a march in New York's financial district. More than 100 staff members of the San Francisco *Chronicle* sent Nixon a petition urging an immediate halt to the war; several of them also picketed the *Examiner* office next door to protest its pro-Nixon editorial.

Generally, though, managements were permissive about newsmen being actively involved, provided the participation did not compromise journalistic images. The New York *Times* and the Wall Street *Journal* gave employees time off to support M-day. But the New York *Times* refused a newsroom group the use of its auditorium for an M-day rally, explaining that it did not permit any political meetings on its premises. (When the group rallied in front of the building instead, a sign appeared through an upstairs window: "Hanoi Loves You.") The *Journal* management balked at a request that the Dow-Jones ticker observe a minute's silence, insisting it would do nothing "to cast the slightest doubt on the complete impartiality of our presentation of the news."

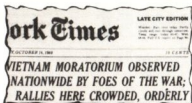
Few employers or newsmen seemed concerned about preserving at least an appearance of impartiality among reporters. One exception was a group of non-management newsmen at CBS in New York. "Most everybody here is against the war," said one, "but most of us are also against expressing ourselves publicly. If you advertise your biases, nobody is going to believe you." The view dealt with appearances rather than the basic problem of bias in reporting the news. The press is probably best served when an overly partisan newsmen refuses an assignment.

End of the Ordeal

These days, there seem to be nearly as many newsmen coming out of China as news items. Five days after the release of Reuters Correspondent Anthony Grey (TIME, Oct. 10), the doors of a Shanghai prison swung open for a freelance journalist, Norman Barrymaine, 19 months after he had entered it. Four days later, a onetime London *Daily Herald* feature writer (and more recently a Chinese government translator) named Eric Gordon was allowed to leave Peking with his wife and 13-year-old son after nearly two years under house arrest. The three journalists' remembrances added up to a sometimes incredible picture of the weird variety and brutal mentality of Chinese jailers.*

From a gaunt Anthony Grey, home in London, came the description of a drab solitude "much worse than anyone can imagine." Grey, the best known of the three (and last week awarded the Order of the British Empire), was confined for 26 months in his Peking home—mostly in one room—solely in retaliation for the arrest of Communist Chinese agitators in Hong Kong during the riots of 1967. Describing "the worst moment of my two years"

* An estimated 44 other foreigners (ten Americans) remain under detention in China, including at least one journalist, Keiji Samejima, 37, an able correspondent for Tokyo's *Nihon Keizai*, who was arrested in June 1968.



dictable comment. Columnist Morrie Ryskind of the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* called Oct. 15 "Black Wednesday." At the other extreme, Nicholas von Hoffman referred to Nixon in the Washington *Post* as "what's-his-face, the furtive and fugitive President who darts from TV station to armed compound." In between, there was considerable editorial reaction that was not quite so obvious. Some newspapers favoring Nixon's Viet Nam policy, like the Los Angeles *Times*, showed the protesters a measure of sympathy, if not support. The Detroit *News* concluded that M-day had probably encouraged the enemy but added that it had also "served as a national safety valve for the venting of frustrations, legitimate and otherwise." Liberal Columnist Max Lerner was disappointed that the protesters were long on enthusiasm but short on policy. Many were impressed with the peaceful nature of the protest. Even the right-wing

newsmen continued to wear black arm bands as they covered the giant public rally on Boston Common. Wall Street *Journal* staffers, some bearing placards identifying them as "Wall Street Journalists," joined in a march in New York's financial district. More than 100 staff members of the San Francisco *Chronicle* sent Nixon a petition urging an immediate halt to the war; several of them also picketed the *Examiner* office next door to protest its pro-Nixon editorial.

Problem of Bias. Not all the nation's newsmen favored the protesters. In Houston, a reporter for radio station KILT refused to cover a demonstration in Hermann Park, declaring: "You can fire me if you want to, but I'm not going out there to talk to those jackasses." He wasn't fired, but dovish Floyd Knox, city editor of the Waterbury (Conn.) *Republican* was, Knox, who admits to having had other disputes with

Three packs of Carlton have less "tar" than one pack of the newest "low tar" cigarette.



in an interview with a Reuters colleague, Grey told of the hot August night shortly after his capture, when some 200 Red Guards swarmed into his house and dragged him downstairs to the courtyard.

"They painted me with black paint," he said, "and forced my arms behind me so that my body was bent forward. Whenever I tried to straighten up, a Red Guard punched me in the stomach. I sweated so much that a pool formed on the ground under my eyes and I could see my reflection in it." Then, after a sudden silence followed by applause, "I was told to straighten up. A few inches in front of my eyes dangled the body of my cat, Ming Ming, hanged from the roof by a washing line." When the crowd began chanting "Hang Grey," he was roughly ushered back inside the house to find posters stuck up everywhere, and all his be-

KEystone



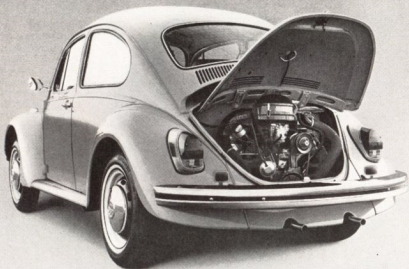
GREY IN LONDON

Sketches of a grim profile.

longings—even his sheets and toothbrush—smeared with black paint.

Throughout his imprisonment, his guards never spoke. They only stared at him or sang revolutionary songs and chanted slogans. In return, he gave them insulting nicknames—Pervert Jaw, Peking Man—composed rhymes about them and sang to himself. He was allowed a few books, including a manual of yoga, which, he says, "turned out to be my salvation." By last Christmas, he had become almost sanguine. On that day, he related, "I felt a quiet sort of joy. I put on my best suit, to the puzzlement of the guards, and I tried to make it special, though I was so alone."

Bloody Words. Norman Barrymaine, 69, was also alone last Christmas. For him, the Kafkaesque nightmare began on a cold day in February 1968, shortly after the North Korean capture of the *Pueblo*. Barrymaine had gone to North Korea aboard a Polish freighter to cover the *Pueblo* story, but was denied permission to go ashore. In Shanghai a few days later aboard the same freighter, he did get a shore permit. Once on China's soil, he made the mis-



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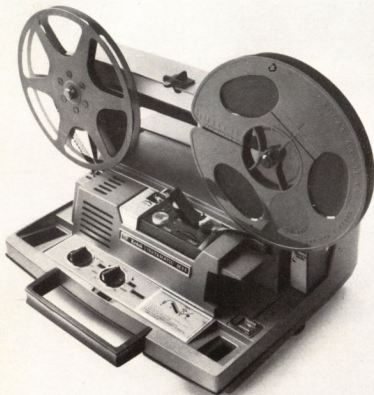
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take of accepting his guide's invitation to photograph at will. When he snapped torpedo boats in the Shanghai river, he was arrested.

Ten interrogation-filled days later, Barrymaine was led to a 12-ft. by 8-ft. cell furnished only with a wooden cot and a non-flush toilet. His third night he was awakened by a woman's terrified, heart-rending scream. After a couple of weeks he realized that it came from a tape recorder, placed next to the cells of new arrivals to initiate them.

To keep from "going round the bend," Barrymaine devised elaborate daily routines. He ended each day by dictating faintly remembered news stories into a make-believe telephone. "Oh, Miss Jones," the ritual began, "I've got a good lead for today." When he had finished "filing" the story, he sometimes put in another imaginary call—to his 25-year-old daughter in London. He found the perfect use for China's stiff brown toilet paper: he made himself a deck of cards out of it and played solitaire.

Unlike Grey, who on three occasions was visited by British diplomats, Barrymaine had no contact with the outside world. At a press conference in Hong Kong, he admitted to reporters that after seven months in captivity, he had signed a "whole transcript, millions of bloody words of it, and a few confessions as well. Why not? I can assure you," he added with a smile, "it's not pleasant to be in a Chinese prison. Then again, I don't suppose it's *meant* to be."

Capitalist Instinct. Eric Gordon, a self-styled "leftist socialist" who went to China in November 1965 to edit and translate revolutionary tracts and literature for Peking's Foreign Language Press, also made one costly error. Preparing to leave China in November 1967, he packed some notebooks in his suitcases. As a result of this "smuggling," he lived with his wife and son for two years like characters in an existential drama, locked in a single hotel room.

Two weeks ago, Gordon was called before his interrogator. "It was made clear to me," he recalls, "that the case wouldn't be settled until I made certain admissions"—namely, that he had "insulted and slandered Chairman Mao" and that he "was in possession of political information." Two days after he made his "confession," the Gordons were heading for Hong Kong.

Though all of the released Britons had lost weight, it was readily apparent that none had suffered the loss of any capitalistic instinct. After their first quick press conferences, all three clammed up with further details on their experiences, saving them for books and articles they planned to write. Grey kept a diary for just that purpose and is already in print with the first of a three-part series in this week's London Sunday sensation sheet, *The People*, which is being syndicated in Europe and Australia as well. The price reportedly paid was well over \$25,000—a lot of money, perhaps, but earned the hard way.

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MODERN LIVING

FASHION

All-Over Nothing

Dear Customer:

As a public service, we here at Uptight feel compelled to warn our clients about the subversive, scandalous and salacious advertising campaign currently being conducted by some of our competitors. I am referring specifically to ads in the local press that show two attractive young ladies coquettishly cavorting in what is variously described as a "linear jumpsuit" and a "turtle sock," but might more accurately be called an "all-over nothing."

The garment in question is a stretch-nylon body stocking that covers everything but the head and hands of the wearer and sells for \$9 to \$14. "Covers" is an exaggeration, as the ads make clear: "No interruptions to mar the lovely line of you," and "Reveals what it covers." The obvious suggestion is that the wearer need not, indeed should not burden her body with such conventional and "confining" undergarments as brassieres, girdles, panties and hosiery.

In a dangerous age, when hippies, "heads" and free-love advocates seem to be running our campuses and even our country, such a suggestion is inflammatory and unpatriotic. Burning draft cards and U.S. flags is bad enough; now these subversives want to burn bras and briefs too. Is there no limit

past which the enemies of law and order will not go? As a proud American and president of a company that for four generations has dedicated itself to supporting the U.S.'s posture in the world, I say enough is enough. America needs to regroup and to rebuild on a firm foundation.

Yours for shaping up,
I. M. Garment, President
Uptight Underwear, Inc.

No such company, of course, is conducting any such campaign. If it were, the campaign would obviously fail. In the two weeks since Manhattan's B. Altman & Co. first advertised its version of the peekaboo "linear jumpsuit," the store has been selling them so fast that it already has ordered 1,200 more. Other retailers report similarly spectacular sales. Customer comments range from the predictable ("It's divine" "It's the uniform for the '70s") to the profane (the garments fit so tightly that getting into one is a chore). Women who feel that the sheer suit is too revealing can always camouflage strategic spots with tunics or miniskirts. Or they can wear opaque woolen body stockings that show no more than a tight-fitting glove and can be worn even outdoors with impunity—or with body jewelry.

FOOD

Alice's Cookbook

April has been a big month in the life of Alice May Brock, 28. She met her husband in April (1961) and left him in April (1968). She opened a small Stockbridge, Mass., restaurant in April (1966) and closed it in April (1967). She was hired for the movies in April (1968), as the nominal leading lady (a professional actress played her role) in the Arlo Guthrie hit, *Alice's Restaurant*. She can look forward to still another big April (1970)—when she pays her income tax.

Now that Alice Brock and her short-lived hash house have been immortalized in song and screenplay, she is making the most of it. She is franchising a coast-to-coast chain of Alice's Restaurants; the first four (in Boston, New York, Nashville and Los Angeles) are scheduled to open this year. Money is already pouring in from her *Alice's Restaurant Cookbook* (Random House; \$5.95), which has a first printing of 40,000 copies.

Short on recipes (fewer than 100 in all), long on pictures (Alice in low-cut dress, shot from above; Alice in tight-fitting pants suit, shot from below), the cookbook is hardly aimed at self-styled Escoffiers or even Julia Children. "Recipes aren't as important as the philosophy behind them," says the author. "Good food is food you eat with your friends, when everybody is having a



BROCK & INGREDIENTS
Secret in the sauce.

good time. So making sure that everyone is having a good time is the key to a successful meal."

Pot and Potted. Alice, who got her start as a *sous-chef* in the kitchen of a girls' reformatory in Hawthorne, N.Y. ("I was a rotten kid"), dismisses international cuisine in four sentences. "Don't be intimidated by foreign cookery," she writes. "Tomatoes and oregano make it Italian; wine and tarragon make it French. Sour cream makes it Russian; lemon and cinnamon make it Greek. Soy sauce makes it Chinese; garlic makes it good." She is similarly cavalier about the tools of her trade. "Other books say, 'Do not, do not! Do not try to make a soufflé unless you have a soufflé dish.' They make cooking sound like a fantastic science, and that makes a lot of people afraid to cook." Never fear, is Alice's message; to party givers who run short of plates, she suggests improvising with tinfoil-lined automobile hubcaps.

For all her iconoclasm, Alice hews to a couple of basic rules for her cookery. For one: "You have to have one really big pot, something you can boil macaroni and rice in, cook corn-on-cob in, wash your hair in, wash your dog in. Get one that's big enough so that a mop will fit." For another: "Wine and liquor are great for cooking, and also for the cook. In fact, more important for the cook than for the cooking." Thus armed, pot and potted, Alice's disciples are advised merely to improvise and advertise. "If you tell people that what you're cooking is absolutely fantastic—if you squeeze their arm and whisper in their ear that this meal is the greatest yet—they're going to love it. They'll never suspect that that strange taste in the potatoes is just that you've burned them."



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Fad without foundation.

THE THEATER

NEW PLAYS

The Guilt Glut

Guilt is running nudity a close second at theater box offices. Flesh peddling is relatively honest, since it makes no particular pretense of moral grandeur. But when the clink of commerce purports to be the thunder of conscience, all sorts of hypocrisies begin masquerading as virtues.

In recent seasons, the guilt peddlers have brought the following wares to the dramatic market: *The Deputy*, *The Investigation*, *Incident at Vichy*, *Soldiers*, *The Man in the Glass Booth*, *The Great White Hope*, *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer* and now *Indians*. These plays have much in common. While an occasional effort is made to specify some individual responsibility for crimes, oppressions, injustices, and atrocities, the dominating *faccuse* is hurled at the audience. The audience is presumed to be collectively guilty of every misdeed in recorded history. This is patently absurd. By embracing the abstraction of collective guilt, the playwright performs the singularly irresponsible act of absolving the specifically guilty parties involved.

Lesson in Irony. The audience for such plays apparently has a neurotic appetite for masochistic self-abasement. It seems bent on atoning for sins it has not committed and receiving the bogus absolution of *ex post facto* justice dispensed with casuistry and comfort in the theater. No one can bring the 6,000,000 Jews of Europe back to life; no one can restore dead Indians to their buffalo hunting grounds; no one can dis-invent the atomic bomb.

What, then, does such a playwright think he is doing? His rationale is that he is providing a cautionary moral lesson drawn from history that will enable people to avoid past errors and evils. Unfortunately, the profoundly ironic lesson of history is that people do repeat the errors and evils of the past, over and over and over again. The reality these playwrights ignore is that man is a finite being, bound always to act and react within the limits of his nature, "a fallen creature" in religious terms. If the human character could be altered and improved by a play, it would have happened ages ago. All wars would have ended 2,000 years ago with *The Trojan Women*—the greatest and most moving antiwar play ever written.

Another rationale such playwrights resort to is that

they are alerting the audience's conscience to contemporary evils. Far from it. These playwrights simply trade on the headlines of the day and gamble that the people they attract will come to the theater precisely because their consciences are on the alert. There is nothing easier than to preach to the already converted. For any but a guilt-collecting audience, most of these plays rate a big B for Boredom. There is no moral suasion in crude hack work that substitutes lapel-grabbing diatribes for scrupulous dramatic craftsmanship. A poor play does not become a good play simply because the playwright's heart is in the right place.

Image in Reverse. Arthur Kopit's heart is doubtless in the right place, and *Indians* is a poor play. Kopit has tried to mesh together segments of a vaudeville-style Buffalo Bill Wild West show with segments of Hochhuth-Brechtian didactic polemicism. The idea is to spunk the audience while making it laugh, but the whole thing refuses to cohere. As Kopit describes the despoliation and destruction of the Indian, he seems to subscribe to the proposition that might makes wrong—which is no truer than that might makes right. Granted that the Indian was treated with huge inequity, the Indian way of life was nonetheless an ossified form that could not have survived into the 20th century. If the Indian could have merged easily into U.S. society as it expanded westward, he probably would have lost even more of his identity than he has on the reservations. Since the Kopit script calls for only good redskins and preavilingly

wicked white men, the play is almost an image in reverse of the corny melodramas of the past in which the only good Indians were dead ones.

The evening thrums to the beat of tom-toms, whirls through a savage sun dance, flickers and blazes with an entire symphony of lighting effects and ends with anthropological eeriness as a weird array of totemically masked figures stalk among the massacred Indians. These effects are attention getters that distract one from the incessant preachiness of the play. As *Sitting Bull*, a South Sea islander named Manu Tupou gives a powerful portrayal of wounded dignity and contained ferocity. Stacy Keach, 28, who is New York's most talked about young actor, plays Buffalo Bill with relish, flamboyance, charm, and a stage presence that radiates masculinity.

REPERTORY

Secular Holiness

Actors should be like martyrs burnt alive, still signaling to us from their stakes.

—Antonin Artaud

The actor makes a total gift of himself.

—Jerzy Grotowski

Artaud and Grotowski are as different as pure and applied science, but the latter would not be possible without the former. Artaud was an unsuccessful French actor who died insane in 1948. He was also a visionary and a prophet with a dream of what theater might be. In poetic though sometimes muzzy language, he coined the idea of "a theater of cruelty." To interpret the phrase solely by conventional usage is to miss a great deal of what Artaud meant by it. For example, he wrote, "Everything that acts is a cruelty," and "Cruelty is rigor."

Artaud's vision encompassed a theater that could sweep through an audience like a plague, be as direct as a bullet, release the torments and ecstasies that may be found in death, martyrdom and love. He felt that the theater was strangling in words and could be reborn only through signs, sounds and the primitive force of myth. Above all, he wanted a burning intensity to be felt in the theater that would wear an audience: "The spectator who comes to us knows that he has agreed to undergo a true operation, where not only his mind but his senses and his flesh are going to come into play. He must really be convinced that we are capable of making him scream out."

Anguish of the Age. Put that way, the Artaudian conception of theater sounds a trifle sadistic, and it can be comprehended only as a refraction of the European experience in the 20th century, with all of its tortures and holocausts.

If Brecht wanted to slap an audience into intellectual awareness so that it would correct the evils of the age, Ar-

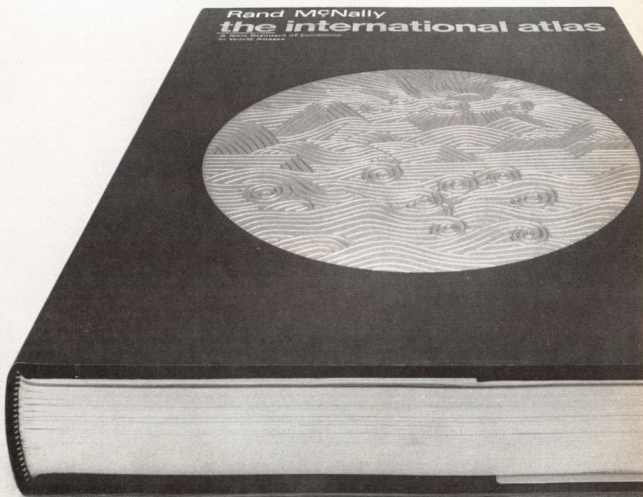


STACY KEACH IN "INDIANS"
Man is a finite being.

The world today may seem smaller to some of you—but not to us. The all new maps in Rand McNally's International Atlas are unusually large in scale because the events of each year demand more detailed geographic knowledge. They were created by a team of cartographers from many nations, each contributing his special knowledge. Only six different scales are used to facilitate direct visual comparison of continents, regions, countries and even most of the world's major metropolitan areas. To publish such an atlas required new skills and a unique creative approach. It's available wherever fine books are sold. **Rand McNally**, publishers, book manufacturers, mapmakers.



small world? large maps!



taud wanted to gore it into a blood-dripping emotional awareness of the anguish of the age. Among those who have most notably tried to follow Artaud's precepts in the modern theater are Julian Beck and Judith Malina's Living Theater, British Director Peter Brook (*Marat/Sade*) and Director Jerzy Grotowski with his Polish Laboratory Theater. The Living Theater is sloppy, Brook is marvelously disciplined but a trifle too cerebral, and Grotowski combines fantastic discipline with lacerating emotional intensity.

Pain Beyond Tears. To grasp what Grotowski does with his actors one must imagine monastic austerity wedded to mystic zeal. One must imagine the body being used to bear witness to the secrets of the soul. One must imagine not a refiguring of an ancient myth, but a confrontation with that myth. It is a kind of exploration of the precondition of myth, the psycho-physical necessity that brought it into being and confirms



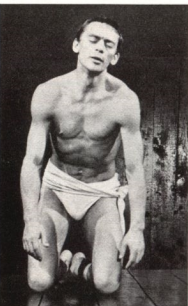
JERZY GROTOWSKI

Monastic austerity wedded to mystic zeal.

its enduring validity. Grotowski begins by stripping away everything that he regards as the excess baggage of drama—makeup, props, lighting effects, music, scenery, a conventional stage. He even strips away a good part of the audience, never allowing it to number over 100 and sometimes as low as 40. He also has a very precise idea about what that audience should be like: "We do not cater to the man who goes to the theater to satisfy a social need for contact with culture; in other words, to have something to talk about to his friends and to be able to say that he has seen this or that play and that it was interesting. Nor do we cater to the man who goes to the theater to relax after a hard day's work. We are concerned with the spectator who has genuine spiritual needs and who really wishes, through confrontation with the performance, to analyze himself. We are concerned with the spectator who does not stop at an elementary stage of psychic integration, content with his own petty, geometrical, spiritual stability, knowing exactly what is good and what is evil, and never in doubt. For it was not to him that El Greco, Thomas Mann

and Dostoyevsky spoke, but to him who undergoes an endless process of self-development, whose unrest is not general but directed towards a search for the truth about himself and his mission in life." Between such an audience and his actors, Grotowski attempts to induce what Artaud called "a cosmic trance" and what Grotowski calls "secular holiness."

On the basis of his first offering, *The Constant Prince*, he succeeds awesomely well. The play is a loose adaptation from the 17th century Spanish playwright Calderon. It is acted out in an area rather like a bull pit with the audience looking down over the walled-in enclosure on all four sides. Four men and a woman representing the madness, arrogance and corruption of the world



CIESLAK IN "THE CONSTANT PRINCE"

humiliate, torture and finally cause the death of the Prince, a pure and passive soul clad in a white loincloth.

It is a Passion play. The Prince (Ryszard Cieslak) does not have to be Christ, but everything about the performance suggests that he is. It is as if one were viewing the crucifixion and being crucified at the same time. The incantatory rendering of dialogue sometimes resembles the Mass. The sounds that the cast utters are as arresting as if they were the cries of the damned in hell. On the rack of torment, Cieslak's body shudders convulsively from head to toe, and few athletes could begin to match the physical suppleness of a cast that seems as fit for dance as drama. At times, the company freezes in still lifes of agony. One is constantly aware of Cieslak's psychic pain, a pain beyond tears, beyond endurance, beyond escape, except by redemption. Religion and drama were once one and in Grotowski's ritual theater they seem, for a few miraculous moments, to be rejoined.

Harlem.

Gentlemen: I want to help build a small park in New York's Harlem. Enclosed is my donation of \$____. (Tax deductible checks payable to "Mayor's Commission on Youth and Physical Fitness.")
Mail to: Box 3887,
Grand Central P.O., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
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Watts.

Gentlemen: I want to help build a small park in South Central Los Angeles. Enclosed is my donation of \$____. (Tax deductible checks payable to "Greater Los Angeles Urban Coalition.")
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Grand Central P.O., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

Name _____
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City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Hough.

Gentlemen: I want to help build a small park in the Hough area of Cleveland. Enclosed is my donation of \$____. (Tax deductible checks payable to "Cleveland Police Athletic League.")
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Name _____
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Englewood.

Gentlemen: I want to help build a small park in Chicago's Englewood area. Enclosed is my donation of \$____. (Tax deductible checks payable to "Chicago Park District.")
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Grand Central P.O., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Buttermilk Bottom.

Gentlemen: I want to help build a small park in Atlanta's Buttermilk Bottom district. Enclosed is my donation of \$____. (Tax deductible checks payable to "Atlanta Dept. of Parks.")
Mail to: Box 3887,
Grand Central P.O., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

This message was written by John Emmerling and art directed by Gerry Severson. Two young men who wanted to know if a magazine page could build parks.

YOUNG & RUBICAM

How you can build a small park in a ghetto.

In a poverty-choked neighborhood, the kids play in the streets.

Because the vacant lots are jungles of broken glass, trash and rats.

It doesn't have to be that way. These lots can be cleared, paved and filled with swings, slides, climbing bars and maybe even trees.

That work takes as little as \$7000.

But it also takes some organizing. A few weeks ago, the advertising agency of Young & Rubicam contacted local

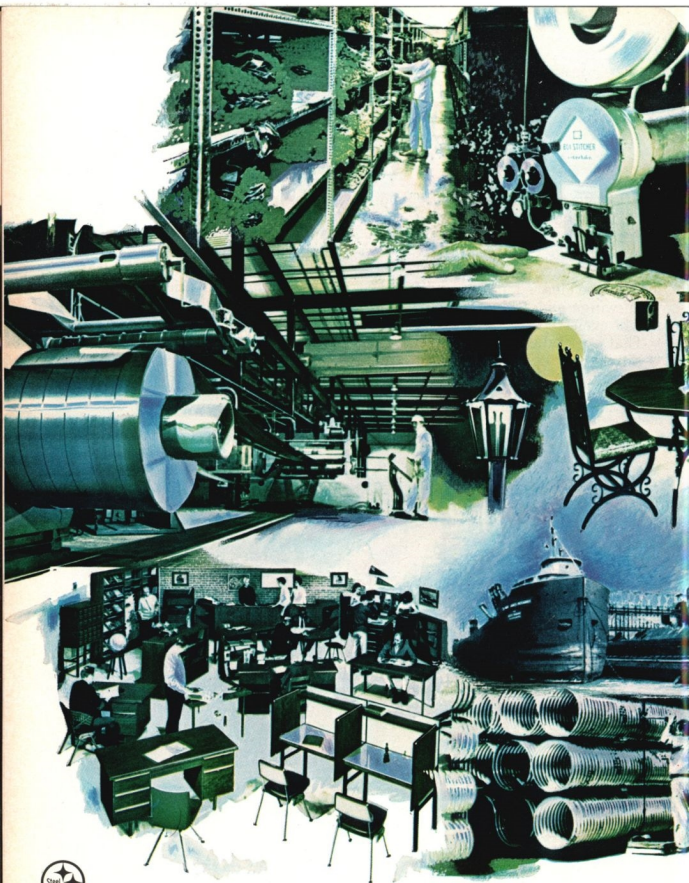
groups in five deprived urban areas (see coupons at left). These groups are ready to build the parks if money can be raised.

That's where you come in. We're not asking for huge donations; these little parks could be built with nickels. And no matter what you give, your name will go on your park's plaque.

Please tear out one of the coupons and send it now. Give some good kids a decent place to play.

A park could go here.







What kind of steel company makes storage systems?

Interlake.

Our latest idea is an automated system called a Courier. It's already revolutionizing ideas about stacking and warehousing.

We also make people products. Like learning centers. Patio furniture. Barbecue grills. Institutional furniture. We're also the largest source for powdered metal in North America. In fact, Interlake is now in five different fields

besides steel. And we have our sights set on products most steel companies never considered before. Products which will help make your job easier.

Our annual report will give you a good idea where we're going. Write for your copy. It may change all your ideas of what today's steel company looks like. At least this one, Interlake Steel Corporation, 310 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60604.

interlake® where steel is just the beginning

Metals • Packaging systems • Materials handling systems • Educational Equipment • Furniture and leisure products

Clubtails, Faster than Cocktails.



THE CLUBTAILS COCKTAILS, 25-48 PROOF THE CLUB DISTILLING CO., HARTFORD, CONN. © 1989 HUBBARD INC.

Inside every can, you'll find three honest-to-goodness fresh cocktails. Liquor and all. Only they're so much faster and better than ordinary cocktails, we call them Clubtails.

Because they come in cans, Clubtails will go with you to the ends of the Earth, indoors

and outdoors.

Naturally, there would be no point to all of this unless we used the finest and freshest ingredients in every Clubtail. And we do.

In all nine of them, from Extra Dry Martinis to fresh frothy Daiquiris.

Clubtails: We canned it like it is.

THE LAW

JUDGES

Julius the Just

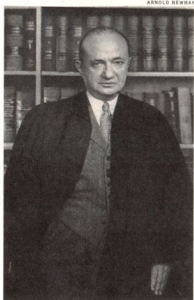
Defense attorneys at the raucous trial of the Chicago Eight are doing their best to show that U.S. District Judge Julius Hoffman is biased. The little jurist often seems determined to prove them right. Before the jury, he has praised U.S. Attorney Thomas Foran as one of the finest prosecutors in the country. On the other hand, he badgers and belittles lawyers for the eight men who are charged with conspiracy to foment a riot at last year's Democratic Convention in Chicago.

The 74-year-old judge unquestionably has been provoked. Last week, for example, the defendants draped a large Viet Cong flag over the counsel table after Hoffman denied them a day off to participate in the nationwide peace demonstrations. Foran denounced Attorney William Kunstler for supporting the defendants' efforts to bring the Moratorium into the courtroom. After an angry exchange, Foran growled: "I have contempt for Mr. Kunstler." The judge rebuked only Kunstler. As the dominant figure in the courtroom, a judge can easily influence the jury if his likes and dislikes are too obvious. If convicted, the Chicago Eight are likely to argue on appeal that they were unable to get a fair trial because of Hoffman's attitude.

Quoted in Jerusalem. As might be expected, Hoffman bristles at criticism of his handling of the trial. "I don't want to be glorified," he told Time Reporter James Simon in an interview, "but I don't want to be vilified either." To prove that the press attacks are undeserved, he produced a thick file of testimonials; he read from a speech by one federal judge who praised him as "warm at heart and a gentleman of character." Another judge interprets Hoffman's self-advertisements as "a search for reassurance." He says: "I think that underneath Judge Hoffman's appearance there is a deep concern and striving to be worthy of the power he possesses."

The son of a furrier, Julius Jennings Hoffman grew up in Chicago, graduated from Northwestern University Law School and went into corporate practice. At 33, he married Eleanor H. Greenebaum, whose family controlled what became the Brunswick Corp., which makes bowling alleys and other products. He served as the company's counsel until he was elected a state circuit-court judge in 1947. A generous supporter of the Republican Party, he became the first Jew on the federal bench in the Northern Illinois district when President Eisenhower appointed him in 1953.

Illinois lawyers respect Hoffman for legal knowledge and craftsmanship. Last year he upheld the Government's first suit to desegregate a Northern school district. In his decision, which involved the Chicago suburb of South Holland,



HOFFMAN
Generations apart.

Hoffman eloquently described desegregation as "a very small down payment on an investment whose dividends are good citizenship, justice and the welfare of the nation." The judge proudly notes that his words were quoted "around the world—even in the English language newspaper in Jerusalem."

Personally Involved. Unhappily for Hoffman, his self-righteous manner has earned him the sobriquet of "Julius the Just." He claims that his reputation as a tough, pro-Government judge comes from a series of highly publicized trials in which he sentenced such Mafia figures as Sam Battaglia and Nick Palermo to stiff prison terms. He also presided over the nine-month fraud trial of the promoters who had marketed Krebiozen as an anticancer drug. To this day, Hoffman is puzzled at the jury's verdict of acquittal. "If I had been trying that case without a jury," he says, "I would have found the defendants guilty right off. I don't know what went wrong."

Hoffman's penchant for getting personally involved in trials has led to his being reversed at least once. Overturning the verdict in an auto-theft case, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit pointed out that Hoffman had helped counsel develop evidence by interrogating witnesses himself. "The record in this case," declared the appeals court, "reveals no justification for the extensive intervention of the able trial judge."

One of his least defensible actions in the conspiracy case was to cite four defense lawyers for contempt because they did not appear for the start of the trial in September. U.C.L.A. Law Professor

Michael Tigar was arrested in Los Angeles and brought to Chicago to answer the charges (which were later dropped). "It is an outrage almost unparalleled in American judicial history," Harvard Law Professor Alan Dershowitz says about Hoffman's order.

Missing Humor. Hoffman's real problem may be that he is two generations older than seven of the eight defendants. He has spent so many years demanding strict courtroom decorum that he is upset by defendants who openly flout his authority. "Despite his technical judicial competence," says Law Professor Jon R. Waltz of Northwestern University, "Judge Hoffman is the wrong man for this case. What is needed is a judge with a sense of humor who will maintain absolute impartiality."

The political aspects of the proceedings recall the celebrated trial of Eugene Dennis and ten other Communist leaders in New York City in 1949. In that case, defense lawyers tried to confuse the jury by raising barrages of motions, objections and charges of prejudice by U.S. District Judge Harold Medina. Only after months of this did Medina show signs of anger and threaten to discipline the lawyers.* Unlike the Communists, the Chicago Eight are not without popular support. Even those Americans who do not sympathize with their cause want to see them treated fairly. By overreacting to the defendants' shenanigans, Hoffman may not only give them good arguments for appealing a conviction but also strengthen their claim that U.S. institutions are inherently unfair.

LAWYERS

Paying for Influence

Snarled by Washington's red tape, many a big-time businessman seeks a big-time lawyer with political connections. Some of the country's most successful lawyers routinely charge high fees for making use of know-how as well as know-who. But can the courts enforce the bargain?

On three occasions in 1963, Atlanta Lawyer Robert B. Troutman Jr. spoke to his friend, President John F. Kennedy, about a matter of interest to the Southern Railway Co. As a result, Kennedy asked his staff to discuss the case with the Justice Department, which decided to support the company in a suit against the Interstate Commerce Commission. Eventually the ICC withdrew an order concerning Southern's grain freight rates that the company believed was not in the public interest.

When Troutman tried to collect a fee, however, the company balked at paying. Troutman sued. When the case recently reached a federal court in At-

* Dennis and his fellow defendants were convicted of conspiring to advocate the violent overthrow of the Government. After the trial, Medina also sentenced five of their lawyers and Dennis, who was acting as his own attorney, to prison for contempt.

One listen is worth a thousand ads.

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This is the Fisher 125 compact stereo system. It features AM, FM, automatic switching between FM mono and FM stereo, 4-speed automatic turntable with cue control, high-compliance magnetic cartridge with diamond stylus, plus full tape and phono facilities. Power output is 90 watts. It comes with a pair of Fisher XP-55B two-way speaker systems, all for \$329.95.

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The Fisher



"Was it his pipe?"

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Now Possible To Shrink Hemorrhoids

And Promptly Stop Itching, Relieve Pain In Most Cases.

Science has found a medication with the ability, in most cases—to stop burning itch, relieve pain and actually shrink hemorrhoids.

In case after case doctors proved, while gently relieving pain and itching, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

The answer is *Preparation H*®—there is no other formula like it for hemorrhoids. Preparation H also soothes inflamed, irritated tissues and helps prevent further infection. In ointment or suppository form.

lanta, a company vice president said that he had asked Troutman to use his influence, not to practice law. Moreover, the company argued, a court can not enforce an agreement for services that were technically illegal. In his instructions to the jury, U.S. District Judge Newell Edenfield distinguished between corrupt influence and using "personal connections or influence merely to gain access to a public official." Apparently deciding that Troutman had performed a proper legal service, the jury awarded him a fee of \$175,000.



DISPUTED POSTER
Wry assault.

DEFAMATION

Inviolable Girl Scouts

The poster showed a gleefully pregnant "Girl Scout" and the familiar motto: *BE PREPARED*. A sign for the times, perhaps, but the Girl Scouts of the United States of America were aghast. They asked a federal court in New York City to halt further sales of the lampoon by Personality Posters Manufacturing Co. The public, they claimed, might wrongly assume that the Girl Scouts distribute the posters—and that their motto is now a subtle commercial for contraceptives.

U.S. District Judge Morris Lasker has just denied a preliminary injunction. As he saw it, the poster makers had violated no law; moreover, banning the posters might infringe on their right of satirical expression. With a gallant touch, Lasker also reassured the Girl Scouts that their sturdy reputation for virtue would easily survive this "wry assault." Said Lasker: "Those who may be amused at the poster presumably never viewed the reputation of the plaintiff as being inviolable. Those who are indignant obviously continue to respect it."

**LINDSAY &
MARCHI &
PROCACCINO**

DEBATE
**LAW &
ORDER**

ON
THE DAVID SUSSKIND SHOW

SUNDAY
OCTOBER 26
11:00PM
WNEW-TV **5**

METROMEDIA TELEVISION

ART

From the Brink, Something Grand

THERE were drag queens mingling with society matrons, rock 'n' roll blasting through the halls where Rembrandt and Velázquez once reigned in hushed glory, and costumes ranging from fringed buckskin to China Machado chic. "Peace Now" buttons blossomed on satin evening gowns. Pamphlets denouncing David Rockefeller, Viet Nam and the art market were dispensed along with cocktails and tiny sandwiches. Outside, pickets protested the lack of black and women artists in the show. Manhattan's venerable Metropolitan Museum had never before been host to anything quite like it, a fact that was duly lamented by diehard traditionalists. The occasion? The Met's 100th birthday. With the opening last week of its first centennial exhibition, the museum seemed to be de-

As history, the Met's show is selective and flawed. Geldzahler has limited his exhibition to what he calls the New York School, by his definition a stylistic rather than a geographic limitation, and focused on what he sees as the central figures in the international modernist tradition. Given this definition, however, it is hard to see why he left out such major artists as Naum Gabo, Louise Nevelson, Sam Francis, Mark Tobey, William Bazotes, Richard Lindner, Larry Rivers, Marisol and Lee Bontecou. Even so, with 406 works by 43 artists, Geldzahler has assembled the most exhaustive survey ever of the period.

Something special happened in Manhattan in the early 1940s. For one thing, many of Europe's most innovative artists sought refuge in New York during

pressionism was successful or not is less important than that it persuaded other American artists to make equally radical gestures—in light, Pop art, minimal, conceptual art—indeed everything that has followed."

Push-Pull Theory. Its variety, if not infinite, was impressive. Mark Rothko reduced his palette to the softest shades and his compositions to a pair of rectangles in tandem. That commanding teacher Hans Hofmann preached what he called the "push-pull" theory of colors in tension—and practiced it to perfection. De Kooning restored the name of action to artistic thought, slashing at his canvases with inspired passion. David Smith took the grand gesture to sculpture, mounting one stainless steel shaft upon another in marvels of cliff-hanger balance. Later artists like Ellsworth Kelly, Kenneth Noland and Frank Stella solidified and emboldened color and clipped its ragged edges, while Morris Louis thinned his paints to the consistency of water and sent them stream-

BY FRIEDMAN



METROPOLITAN'S GALA OPENING (FOREGROUND, CLAES OLDENBURG'S "GIANT POOL BALLS")

claring that it had no intention of getting any older.

Gone were the velvet mounts, the El Grecos and the Goyas, all removed to temporary quarters. In their place were white walls and gray carpeting. And for the first time in the museum's history, the moderns held center stage. The show, "New York Painting and Sculpture: 1940-1970," was organized by the Met's controversial curator of contemporary arts, Henry Geldzahler (see box, page 81). A gargantuan display spreading over 35 galleries, a space that would easily accommodate the entire Museum of Modern Art, it traces the ascendancy of Abstract Expressionism through its later manifestations in hard-edged abstraction on to the violent reaction that coalesced in Pop art. Essentially, it is the story of American art's coming of age.

World War II. From Holland came Piet Mondrian, from Germany Hans Hofmann and George Grosz, from France Fernand Léger, André Masson, Arshile Gorky and Max Ernst, providing the new generation of U.S. artists with direct links to Cubism and Surrealism.

Unencumbered by the luggage of tradition, and armed with that daring and brashness that is both the American virtue and vice, Jackson Pollock and others who followed him dispensed with the easel format, spread their canvases on the floor, and poured out tangled rhythms in loops and swirls of paint. What they accomplished was the destruction of form itself. "That liberation," says Japanese Critic Ichiro Hariu, "fired the imagination of artists around the world and touched off an artistic chain reaction." Adds Chicago Professor Franz Schulze: "Whether Abstract Ex-

pressionism was successful or not is less important than that it persuaded other American artists to make equally radical gestures—in light, Pop art, minimal, conceptual art—indeed everything that has followed."

For all its vivacity, energy and flair for exuberant gesture and radiant color, American art in the 1940s was already betraying a moody melancholy lurking beneath the aggressive romanticism. Arshile Gorky's disembodied forms, drifting poignantly amid the lyric whisperings of nature, have a kind of indescribable horror, like cancer in a beautiful girl. Edward Hopper's *Gas* is everybody's home town—and it is stifling with loneliness. Joseph Cornell, in a rejection of the big, the bold, the conventionally beautiful, cultivated a secret garden of everyday artifacts. The melancholy strain resurfaces in George Segal's *Gas Station* and Andy Warhol's photomontage of an electric chair. Even in a painting like Barnett

The Met's New York School



Hans Hofmann's "Gloriamundi" (1963)



Kenneth Noland's "17th Stage" (1964)

Curator Geldzahler with Smith's "Cubi XXIV" and Stella's "Cresiphon III"



WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART

*Willem de Kooning's
"Door to the River" (1960)*



George Segal's "Gas Station" (1963)

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA, OTTAWA



Newman's *Anna's Light*, for all the persuasive warmth in which it wraps the spectator, nothing can alter the fact that there is only emptiness on Newman's horizon.

Inevitable Reactions. By the 1950s, Abstract Expressionism was the new academicism. A million haphazard abstractions splashed from the hands of virtually every art student able to clasp a brush or wield a tube of paint. A reaction was inevitable, though no one dreamed its name would be Pop, its inspiration advertising and comic strips. To many, the antidote was distinctly more unpleasant than the malady. But there were moments of high humor and certainly social awareness. A rich, fat and powerful consumer society was rich, fat and powerful enough to accept its own image, no matter how ugly it turned out to be. Perhaps because the image was so powerful, the movement was unusually short-lived. A scant decade after its birth, Geldzahler observes: "It seems today that Pop art was an episode. In fact, just about everything new and original in Pop was stated by a few artists in the first years of its existence."

Allowing for a bit of hyperbole, that much is clear from the show itself. Except for a few minimal sculptures, Pop brings Geldzahler's show to an abrupt end and, surprisingly, it takes its place comfortably enough as history. What has happened since 1965, the cutoff date Geldzahler chose for established talents, would be another show entirely, a free-for-all with kinetic and light sculptures, environments, photo-realists and cold figurativists, the shadowy, sensitive light works of Los Angeles artists, the foolish funny funk art of San Franciscans, and the esoteric conceptual fantasies of the young reactionaries.

Serious Deficiency. For all its limitations, the show makes an eloquent statement about American art in recent years. Geldzahler's decision to devote whole rooms to single artists of his choice rather than include everybody results in a perspective that he himself probably did not anticipate. In the Met's vast spaces, Adolph Gottlieb, Robert Motherwell and even Barnett Newman wither. But the works of Ad Reinhardt, Hans Hofmann and Helen Frankenthaler take on new authority. The show's most serious deficiency is in sculpture,

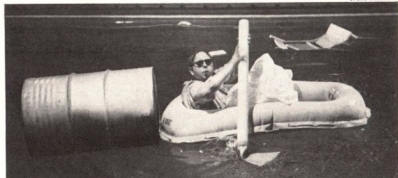
and Geldzahler admits that, with the exception of David Smith's towering talent, his choices were geared to what would look well with the paintings.

For the young who have already bolted the establishment, the Metropolitan's show may represent another irrelevant exercise in self-aggrandizement for what goes in the marketplace. Peter Selz, director of Berkeley's University Art Museum, observes: "Today's young artists reject pure color paintings as establishment art. They are more interested in changing our total environment." Nonetheless, aside from the majestic scale, the frequent emptiness and the supersimple icons of the past three decades, there is a lesson to be learned from the Met's show. It is that American artists have persistently practiced a kind of aesthetic brinkmanship in taking an idea to its logical, if sometimes totally irrational conclusion. As a result, their art achieved more than occasional grandeur. It was exciting even when it failed, providing a tradition that invites any young artist to try absolutely anything. Whether that is a good thing will not be clear until the Met is a few years into its second century.

Dictator Or Fantasy?

HE looks like something out of an early Happening. Or an Andy Warhol movie. Or one of those puckish pop art pieces of George Segal or Marisol. As a matter of fact, Henry Geldzahler can claim all that and more. He first came into public view—a quasi-somnambulant rotundity in prison stripes afloat in a rubber raft—in an Oldenburg Happening mounted in the swimming pool of a Manhattan health club. Next came instant stardom before a Warhol camera. His role: smoking a cigar for an interminable hour and a half. "I have a certain unusual look," says Henry, and who would dispute him? Marisol carved his rumpled pants and big black shades (now replaced by granny glasses) in three dimensions. David Hockney portrayed him as a prim, vested, bearded presence on a purple sofa. George Segal cast him in the ghostly, ghastly plaster that is his specialty, a dilapidated figure who looks for all the world to be waiting for Godot.

As the Met's first curator of contemporary arts, he is certainly the museum's most controversial acquisition in the last decade. No one in Manhattan's ingrown art world elicits such studied veneration or quotable outrage. One reason is that Henry has taken on the almost incompatible tasks of scout and judge. As scout, he strives to keep abreast, mingling familiarly with the most avant of the avant-gardists. Huffing and puffing up countless stairs to artists' studios by day, wining and dining



GELDZAHLER AT OLDENBURG HAPPENING (1965)

with their patrons by night, he is equally at home in the scruffy lofts of Canal Street and the elegant appointments of the Dakota. But as a judge, he is obliged to keep a certain detachment—and it is on this score that he is most often criticized. Relentless in promoting artists he likes, Geldzahler is equally inflexible in ignoring those he does not.

Visceral Reaction. Probably the only person who ever nonplussed Henry was Salvador Dali. As Henry tells it, Dali invited him over to his St. Regis suite one winter afternoon to do his portrait. "We'll begin by casting your tongue," said Dali. "Why?" asked Geldzahler. "I want to do a gold head of you," replied Dali, "and it's going to have a tongue that wags." Henry fled.

"I know I'm seen as some kind of avant-garde fantasy," says Geldzahler. Indeed, he relishes the role. He collects art deco objects as well as modern paintings, secretly yearns to go to Hollywood. Born in 1935 in Antwerp to a family of diamond merchants, he came to the

U.S. on the eve of World War II. An art history major at Yale, he spent a summer working at the Met. Five years later, he abandoned his Ph.D. thesis to spearhead the Met's contemporary arts activities. His criterion for a work of art: "Memorability and a visceral physical reaction. For some people it's in the heart, for others in the throat. Sometimes you might even throw up."

He admits that his choices for the Met show were personal: "If they weren't, an IBM machine could do it." He has been accused of being a toy dictator, and certainly his opinion swings mighty weight among collectors and dealers. Henry enjoys that kind of power. But in the end, he says, it is the show that counts. "For those people who are already familiar with the work," he muses, "I hope that seeing it all together will open scholarly dialogues about what the period will really stand for. For those who are unfamiliar with it, I hope it will be beautiful enough to open their eyes."

BEHAVIOR

HOMOSEXUALITY

Coming to Terms

Homosexuals—perhaps as many as 12 million American men and women—are one of the nation's most despised and harassed minority groups. A poll taken for CBS-TV not long ago revealed that two out of three Americans look on homosexuals with disgust, discomfort or fear, and one out of ten regards them with outright hatred. A majority considers homosexuality more dangerous to society than abortion, adultery or prostitution. Society's hostility toward the homosexual—particularly the male—leaves him wide open to blackmail and job discrimination. Police, concentrating more on attempting to control homosexuals than those who prey on them, often resort to such quasi-legal and demeaning tactics as entrapment. The stresses of living hidden lives create in homosexuals a high incidence of anxiety and other psychological problems.

Injustice and Suffering. A far-reaching report on homosexuality for the Federal Government's National Institute of Mental Health, released this week, maintains that such hostility is unjustified by any dangers that homosexuality may pose for society. The 14-member task force that prepared the report was headed by U.C.L.A.'s Evelyn Hooker, an erudite, compassionate psychologist who is one of the nation's most distinguished researchers in the field. A majority of the panel, which included psychiatrists, sociologists, anthropologists, lawyers and a theologian, urges states to abolish the laws that make homosexual intercourse a crime for consenting adults in private. More controversially, their report

recommends that government and private employers "reassess" their current standards and implies that they should hire homosexuals who can pass normal screening procedures. (A three-man minority of the task force dissents, saying that research is still insufficient for making policy judgments.) The report is the first by any group under U.S. Government auspices to take this stance.

Says the report: "The extreme opprobrium that our society has attached to homosexual behavior has done more social harm than good, and goes beyond what is necessary for the maintenance of public order and human decency. Homosexuality presents a major problem for our society largely because of the amount of injustice and suffering entailed in it, not only for the homosexual but also for those concerned about him."

The report comes at a time when homosexuals are more visible and assertive than ever—in films and plays that explicitly depict their private lives and in public organizations that militate for their civil rights. Still, the report notes, parents who find out that their child is a homosexual or a lesbian almost inevitably suffer, fearing that they are somehow guilty of a tragic failure.

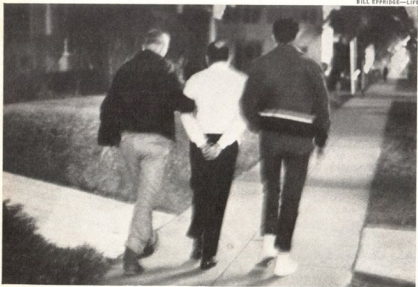
The task force notes that "misinformation abounds." The "homosexual orientation" is not a ground for despair. Endorsing the findings of pioneering research that have accumulated in the past two decades, the group says that "many homosexuals are good citizens, holding regular jobs and leading productive lives." Psychiatric treatment permits about 30% of adults who seek help to enjoy a normal sex life. An

even larger percentage of children who are incipient homosexuals can be reached in time to avoid the condition entirely.

To ascertain which current techniques of counseling and prevention are most effective, to develop new ones and delve into the still uncertain patterns and multiple causes of homosexuality, the task force recommends establishment of a major U.S. center for the study of sexuality—from sex patterns in animals to all kinds of normal and abnormal human sexual behavior. Too often in the past, it says, competent researchers have been discouraged from entering the field by the taboos that surround it—and by the difficulties of obtaining research funds. Other key points: teachers and youth-group counselors should be better informed about homosexuality so that they can help rather than hector the young; law officers should be given facts to set against their irrational feelings. "Disgust and anxiety interfere with an objective understanding of the problem, and could be prevented or alleviated if valid information about homosexuality were disseminated," the report says. Among the homosexuals, "it is important to counteract the prevalent sense of hopelessness and inevitability."

Puritanical Proscriptions. Distinctions between types of homosexuals should be at the heart of the nation's legal policies, the report argues. Penalties should remain stringent for homosexuals who commit forcible rape, seduce children or commit sex acts in public. But "discreet homosexuality is the private business of the individual rather than a subject for public regulation"; prohibition of "the crime against nature," as many statute books coyly phrase it, merely raises the homosexual's vulnerability to blackmail and "exacerbates" his mental-health problems. The commission recommends that the U.S. follow the example of England, which two years ago legalized homosexual acts between consenting adults in private—as recommended by the celebrated Wolfenden report—and has suffered no discernible ill effects. The U.S., along with the Soviet Union, is one of the few countries in the world that have such strict proscriptions against homosexual practices. Since 1952, the so-called American Law Institute has recommended that the individual states repeal such statutes. So far, only two have enacted a Wolfenden-type law—Illinois in 1961 and Connecticut last summer, to take effect in 1971.

The Hooker report's sobering implication that society has been grossly unfair to the homosexual is sure to stir controversy, and its recommendations are bound to be adopted only slowly. Still, the research makes clear that Americans can now recognize the diversity of homosexual life and understand that an undesirable handicap does not necessarily make everyone afflicted with it undesirable.



POLICE DECOYS ARRESTING HOMOSEXUAL IN LOS ANGELES
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MEDICINE

AWARDS

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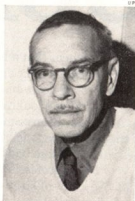
Dr. Salvador Luria, 57, washing the breakfast dishes in Lexington, Mass., was incredulous when a neighbor interrupted to report what he had just heard over the radio. Dr. Alfred Hershey, 60, also was skeptical when word reached him at Cold Spring Harbor, N.Y. Dr. Max Delbrück, 63, was disgruntled; it was only 5 a.m. in Pasadena when a reporter called him. Telegrams from Stockholm soon confirmed the news. The three biologists (only Luria is an M.D.) had been jointly awarded the 1969 Nobel Prize in Physi-

clusive evidence for the genetic recombination that Delbrück had discovered. In 1952, Hershey proved that the virus, which consists simply of nucleic acid (DNA) surrounded by a coat of protein, leaves its coat behind as it invades a cell. So it must be the DNA that contains the genetic information.

These and other discoveries led scientists to concentrate on the structure of the DNA molecule. The finding in 1953 by James Watson and Francis Crick that the typical DNA molecule consists of a double helix enabled scientists to reduce to relatively simple chemical terms the process by which inherited traits are passed on. But it was



SALVADOR LURIA



ALFRED HERSEY

Setting the solid foundation.



MAX DELBRÜCK

ology and Medicine for their work between 1940 and 1952 in microbiology and genetics. The three will divide equally the award of \$73,000.

All three of the biologists were honored for their experiments with bacteriophages, a group of viruses that infect bacteria. Scientists had long known that after it invades a bacterial cell, a virus multiplies rapidly into such great numbers that the cell bursts, releasing a host of identical viruses that seek out and enter other cells, where the process is repeated. By studying these viruses, researchers hoped to learn how more complex forms of life reproduce and pass on hereditary traits.

Coat of Protein. Delbrück, who was born in Germany, and Luria, from Italy, met at Vanderbilt University in 1940 and began to cooperate in their studies of bacteriophages. Luria soon discovered that mutations (a variation in characteristics from one generation to the next) occurred in the viruses, and that these changes were passed on to succeeding generations. Delbrück found that the genetic materials of different kinds of viruses infecting the same cell sometimes combined, producing a new and different kind of virus.

Michigan-born Hershey, who began exchanging information with Delbrück and Luria in 1942, found more con-

clusive evidence for the genetic recombination of Delbrück, Luria and Hershey that, in the words of the Nobel committee "set the solid foundation on which modern molecular biology rests."

The three winners are still actively engaged in research. Delbrück at the California Institute of Technology, Luria at M.I.T. and Hershey at the Carnegie Institution of Washington's genetic-research unit at Cold Spring Harbor. Only a fortnight ago, when the three met and compared notes, none had any idea of the honor that the next week would bring.

TOXICOLOGY

HEW Bans the Cyclamates

First there was sugar, squeezed from sugar cane and white beets. Dentists blame it for damaging the teeth; it makes people gain weight, and some cardiologists now suspect that its excess use may be a factor in heart-artery diseases. Then, 90 years ago, chemists hit upon saccharin, which is 500 times as sweet as sugar and does not add calories to the diet. But saccharin has the disadvantage of leaving a bitter aftertaste in many people's mouths, and it cannot be widely used in cooking because it breaks down under heat. When a doctoral chemistry student, Michael

Sveda, accidentally discovered cyclamate sodium (TIME, June 5, 1950), it looked as if the ideal sweetener for people who do not want to get fat had been found: it is 30 times as sweet as sugar, leaves little aftertaste and survives the heat of cooking. In the years since, cyclamates have become the basis of a \$1 billion-a-year business.

Last week the Food and Drug Administration condemned cyclamates as possibly dangerous to health and effectively banned their widespread use in the U.S. Robert Finch, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, ordered that all foods and drinks containing the artificial sweetener be removed from grocers' shelves and soft-drink vending channels no later than Feb. 1. In the case of products containing the largest proportions of cyclamates, the deadline is Jan. 1. The effects of this abrupt order on food and drink manufacturing, processing, distribution and marketing will be enormous (see BUSINESS).

Metabolic Variation. As the reason for his ban, Finch cited new evidence that cyclamates cause cancer in animals. At the same time, he emphasized that there is as yet "no evidence that they have indeed caused cancer in humans." HEW, he said, was being prudent, and will now check other food additives to see whether they may be harmful to human health.

The trouble with cyclamates (besides the sodium compound, there is a calcium combination for patients on low-salt diets) is that they do not behave predictably in the human body—unlike sugar, which is completely and naturally metabolized. Cyclamates break down in the body, forming chemicals, notably cyclohexylamine (CHA). This, in large doses (upwards of 50 times the probable human dose of cyclamate), is known to cause bladder cancer in rats. Because of the emergence of CHA, cyclamates injected into incubating eggs cause grotesque deformities in many of the chicks and kill others in the shell.

Many human beings convert only 1% of their cyclamate intake to CHA, and so minute a quantity might well be harmless. But for unknown reasons other, equally "normal" people convert as much as 40% to CHA; if they are heavy users of cyclamates, the resulting high dose of CHA might cause cancer or other diseases. Like countless other chemicals, cyclamates also cause breaks in the chromosomes of both man and animals, but the genetic significance of these breaks is not yet known.

It is impossible to single out the high-risk, high-CHA converters, or to regulate the cyclamate intake of free-living human beings. So Finch saw no safe middle course and concluded that he had to impose a flat ban. Exceptions will be made for diabetics and those on reducing diets under doctor's care, for whom cyclamates will be available on prescription. For the rest, it will be back to sugar or saccharin.



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BUSINESS

NIXON'S NEW MAESTRO OF MONEY

THOUGH he is normally one of the more obscure figures in Washington, the Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board has greater influence over the daily lives of all U.S. citizens than almost anyone except the President who appoints him. By performing some of the more arcane maneuvers in the realm of finance—raising or lowering bank reserve requirements, buying or selling Government securities—the Federal Reserve controls the supply of credit and the level of interest rates. It thus largely determines how much interest the consumer must pay to borrow for a new house or car, how much the businessman must pay to borrow for a new hamburger stand or a steel mill—and whether many kinds of loans will be available at all. By influencing the rate of business expansion, the board also helps decide the worker's chances of finding a job or winning a raise and the corporate executive's chances of making a price increase stick.

For the past 18 years, the seven-member board has been headed by William McChesney Martin, 62, who has become almost as much a fixture in the capital as the Washington Monument. But his term in the \$42,500-a-year job ends on Jan. 31, and by law he cannot be reappointed. Last week President Nixon announced his choice as successor to Democrat Martin. The new economic maestro is Arthur Frank Burns, 65, a self-described "moderate Republican," a longtime close aide of Nixon, and a stubborn anti-inflationist. For at least the next four years, the nation's money and credit policies will bear his stamp.

"We Will Not Budge." The change comes at a particularly sensitive time, when everyone is wondering when prices will stop going up and interest rates will start coming down. The Administration has given top economic priority to fighting inflation by sharply restricting Government spending at the same time that the Federal Reserve curbs the growth of credit. One purpose of Nixon's timing in announcing the Burns appointment last week was to underscore the Administration's determination to persevere with its policies of severely tight money, despite political pressures to relax. Burns has a reputation for doggedness in following just such anti-inflationary policies. Nixon himself, in a radio speech on inflation last week, said that the nation will have to accept some more "bitter medicine," and counseled consumers and businessmen to slow their spending.

Burns, speaking in his role as Counselor to the President and coordinator of Administration domestic policies—a Cabinet-level position created specifically for him—strongly seconded Nixon.

He warned that Nixon might veto bills—possibly even the tax-reform bill—that involved excessive spending or loss of revenue. Almost his last words before his appointment to the Federal Reserve were: "We will not budge."

Where He Stands. That comment was quintessential Arthur Burns. Around the White House, he has tirelessly preached the virtues of steadiness in Government policy. His favorite slogan for almost any situation is "Don't panic." He has written that "we need to learn to act, at a time when the economy is threatened by inflation, with something of the sense of urgency that we have so well developed in dealing with the threat of recession."

Burns has consistently opposed big

economists have vacation homes next to each other. Not surprisingly, Friedman hailed Burns' appointment as "splendid." Friedman admits, however, that "Arthur takes a long time to make decisions, and once he has made them, it is very difficult to get him to change his mind." Economist Raymond J. Saulnier adds that Burns "is ponderous and a little pontifical." Because of these qualities, some other economists predict that there will be more than a few resignations from the Federal Reserve staff after Burns takes over on Jan. 31.

Flirting with Recession. The question that bothers some fellow economists is whether Burns will demonstrate the necessary flexibility and adopt an expansionary policy at the right time. His



BURNS & MARTIN AT HOT SPRINGS
The slogan for all seasons is "Don't panic."

government generally; he is strongly for decentralization, through such measures as federal-state revenue sharing. He is so devoted to a free-market economy that he has written of it with unaccustomed fervor: "By and large, it is competition—not monopoly—that has vast sweep and power in our everyday life." This viewpoint leads him to consider wage-price "guidelines" to be almost as evil as statutory controls. "Free competitive markets would virtually cease to exist in an economy that observed the guidelines," he once wrote.

On general monetary matters, Burns seems sympathetic to Conservative Economist Milton Friedman's theory that the Federal Reserve should expand the money supply at a fairly steady rate of 2% to 6% a year, depending on economic conditions. Friedman often debates economic policy with Burns on holidays in Vermont, where the two

record in that respect is mixed. Intellectually, Burns recognizes the Government's obligation to maintain prosperity. As chairman of President Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers from 1953 to 1956, he agreed to increases in Government spending and in the credit supply that his successor, Saulnier, thought were too expansionist. In early 1960, he advised Nixon, then Vice President, that federal spending should be increased and credit eased to head off a recession that he correctly warned would hit its low point shortly before Election Day. Nixon could not persuade the Eisenhower Administration to adopt the Burns program. In *Six Crises*, Nixon wrote that "unfortunately, Arthur Burns turned out to be a good prophet." Nixon has said in private that he would have beaten John F. Kennedy if Burns' advice had been followed.

In view of his steadiness and stub-

The Professor with the Power

PEERING at the world from behind gold-rimmed glasses and beneath a thatch of gray hair, Arthur Burns is a model of the modern professor in Government. He is seldom found on the Washington cocktail circuit, and perhaps with some reason. "Being at a dinner with Burns is like being back in the high school classroom," says an acquaintance. His manner is relentlessly professorial; even his doodlings while he talks on the telephone are architecturally precise. But he occasionally shows a dry wit; he has been heard to speak of one politician as "a gentleman and a demagogue."

Though Burns seems in many respects to be a typical New England Yankee, he was born in Eastern Galicia, then a region of the Austro-Hungarian Empire but now part of the Ukraine. An earnest scholar, he was able to translate the Talmud into Polish and German by the time he was six. His family emigrated to the U.S. when he was nine and settled at Bayonne, N.J., where his father became a paperhanger, a

trade that Burns learned as a schoolboy.

When Burns decided on Columbia as the college of his choice, he went about applying with typical directness; he marched straight to the office of the president. Advised that the college had closed its admissions for the year, he nonetheless so impressed the authorities that they made room for him—and gave him a scholarship as well. To help put himself through college, he worked as a postal clerk, waiter, shoe salesman and mess boy on an oil tanker; he also wrote business articles for the *New York Herald Tribune*.

After going to Rutgers as an assistant professor of economics, he married the former Helen Bernstein, a one-time schoolteacher. Burns became an expert on business cycles, tracing 600 economic indicators through their ups and downs, and isolated 21 that gave an early guide to the direction of the economy as a whole. By the time Eisenhower entered the White House, Burns was an idea man whose time had come. A recession had begun, and

He ordered a search for the man who knew most about depressions and their causes to head the President's Council of Economic Advisers. The search soon narrowed to Burns.

As head of the council, he also made a lasting impression on the Vice President, Richard Nixon. Burns left in 1956 to become president of the privately endowed National Bureau of Economic Research, but continued as Nixon's personal economic adviser. Last winter, just before being named Special Counsellor to the President, he suggested that the tax increases and spending cuts then contemplated would not be enough to contain inflation. Once ensconced in the White House, he optimistically judged in April that it would be reasonable to expect the Administration to bring the rate of inflation down to 3% for 1969. It is now running at 6%. Nevertheless, Burns brings to his new job a formidable reputation for being right more often than wrong, and the power that comes from being a longtime trusted adviser of the President.

bornness, it is paradoxical that Burns' principal advice to Nixon lately has been that the Government has to create economic "uncertainty." Burns believes that inflation can be stopped only if the Government persuades businessmen and consumers that prosperity is not necessarily perpetual and price rises are not inevitable. Right now, there is quite a bit of uncertainty. Last week, for example, the Government reported that in September personal income showed the smallest rise in 17 months, and industrial production dropped for the second straight month.

Some high Administration officials have come closer than ever before to saying that recession may be the price of curbing inflation. At a meeting of the Business Council in Hot Springs, Va., Treasury Secretary David Kennedy predicted last week that in early 1970 there will be a decline in real gross national product. While Kennedy would not use the word recession, some economists define recession as a decline in real G.N.P. for two straight quarters.

Surviving a Slowdown. Burns has suggested that a recession might not be so bad. He has often said that the U.S. can survive a business slowdown, or even downturn, without necessarily incurring a sharp increase in unemployment. He reasons that the economy has become service-oriented, and that service workers are less likely to be laid off than those in manufacturing. Even in manufacturing, he thinks, shortages of skilled labor have been so severe that companies will continue to hoard workers rather than fire them as sales and profits decline.

By contrast, Bill Martin over the years has been much more worried about the

perils of recession. Martin's real hallmark at the Federal Reserve was a willingness to switch from easy- to tight-money policies and back again as he thought the situation required. He cooperated with the expansionist policies of President Kennedy when the nation's economic problem was sluggish growth and persistent unemployment. In late 1965, however, he refused to accept Lyndon Johnson's line that the U.S. could escalate the Viet Nam war, keep taxes and interest rates down and still avoid inflation; the Federal Reserve tightened credit, to L.B.J.'s displeasure.

Impetus to Inflation. Toward the end of Martin's tenure, the Federal Reserve became rather too flexible. Between late 1966 and mid-1967, for example, it swung from expanding the money supply at a 1% annual rate to letting it grow at a 13.5% annual rate, then tightened it again. The last loosening occurred in the summer of 1968, and Martin now admits that it was a mistake that gave a fresh impetus to inflation.

Burns will hardly have the trouble with Nixon that Martin had with Johnson. Burns is Nixon's favorite economist, and the saying in Washington is that "when Arthur talks, Nixon listens." The President has said that his choice of Paul McCracken to head the Council of Economic Advisers was made on the advice of "my good friend," Arthur Burns. It was Burns who also recommended Herbert Stein as a member of the three-man council and George Schultz to become Labor Secretary. His closeness to Nixon raises a somewhat ironic problem. The Federal Reserve is supposed to be independent of the President, and those who cherish

this concept usually worry that the President might put too much pressure on the Board. In Burns' case, the question might rather be whether the Federal Reserve chairman would put pressure on the President.

Computerized Job Bank. As a policy adviser, Burns' record is uneven. He opposed repeal of the 7% investment tax credit—and lost. He won on another question by persuading the Administration to come out against taxing the interest on state and municipal bonds. He sold Nixon on the idea of a computerized job bank that would list jobs offered by employers all over the country to aid in placement of the unemployed. On the other hand, the President sent to Congress a billion-dollar program to combat hunger, despite Burns' strenuous objections that it was unnecessary and cost too much. To intimates, Burns has characterized Nixon's Urban Affairs adviser Pat Moynihan in one word: "Spender."

On the crucial matter of handling the economy, Nixon has been following Burns' advice. They are in agreement: the pressures that are being applied are right, and results will come if the Government stays on its course. Because Burns is reluctant to change his mind once he has made it up, he could stay on that course too long. Burns will unquestionably continue to have Nixon's ear. But there is some doubt in Washington about what will happen when the President decides that the time has come to switch from anti-inflation to anti-recession policies—and quietly calls on the Chairman of the Federal Reserve to ease up on money. At that time, will Nixon have the ear of strong-willed Arthur Burns?

INVESTMENT

Wall Street's Answer to Lenin

War, said Lenin, "periodically restores the disturbed equilibrium" of a capitalist system. That comment, which is often echoed in the Communist world today, will not help his followers explain Wall Street's reaction to the Viet Nam Moratorium. A sea of demonstrators poured into Wall and adjoining streets, crowding them so tightly that people could hardly move. Hundreds of custom-tailored bankers and brokerage-house partners joined their clerks and college students in a peace march, braving the jeers of hard-hatted steamfitters who tried to stage a counter-demonstration. The peace marchers jammed into a memorial service at Trinity Church, where Investment Banker André Meyer, Ogden Corp. Chairman Ralph Abdon and other high executives read the names of war dead from the pulpit.

In a more material way, investors expressed a yearning for peace, and a belief that peace would be bullish. They bought stock in close to record amounts and sent the market to its sharpest gains in months. Prices spurted early in the week on hopes that the Moratorium demonstrations would compel the Nixon Administration to take some action that might further scale down the war. Stocks paused at midweek as investors took profits, but climbed again on news of the Communist offer of direct talks between the U.S. and the Viet Cong. Prices tapered after the U.S. rejected the offer.

At the height of the emotional week, the Dow-Jones industrial average surged briefly past the 840 mark at which earlier rallies this year had stopped. Trading on the New York Stock Exchange twice boiled over 19 million shares for the sixth and eighth most active days in history. In all, the Dow-Jones rose 29 points for the week, closing at 836.

Wishful Thinking. Investors see the deep U.S. involvement in Viet Nam not as the restorer but as the destroyer of economic equilibrium. Stock prices have often risen markedly on nebulous peace hopes and dropped back when those expectations were frustrated. True, some industries profit from the war. But investors are well aware that, contrary to the cruel myth that capitalism generally thrives on war, the Viet Nam engagement aggravates social tensions that are bad for business. They also consider that war spending causes much of the inflation that the Federal Reserve's credit restraints are designed to combat.

So great is the desire for easier credit that some Wall Streeters had convinced themselves that the Government will have to ease monetary policy, and their wishful thinking helped to spur last week's rallies. Some brokers pontificate that the proliferating signs of economic slowdown or even coming recession will soon force the Federal Reserve to relax the squeeze.

Despite all the official declarations that the Administration's present anti-inflation policies will not be changed in the immediate future, brokers have adopted a more bullish mood. Those who only a short time ago were discussing the prospect of the Dow-Jones average going below 800—as it did for a few hours two weeks ago—are now warning their clients of the dangers of missing "the turn" on the up side. In their view, any easing of monetary policy, whenever it comes, would start a strong rally. And any real move toward peace could send stocks soaring.

The talk seems to have affected mutual-fund managers. For months, they have been holding almost 10% of their assets in cash—to the displeasure of some of their shareholders, who would have put their money into banks if they wanted it held in that form. The fund managers think they cannot afford to miss any market turn, and some bought heavily last week just in case. Their buying may or may not have been misguided but, if it continues, it could push stock prices up considerably.

MORATORIUM MARCH TO TRINITY CHURCH



FOOD

Crisis in the Diet Market

The ban on cyclamates, ordered by HEW Secretary Robert Finch last week, might hit millions of weight-watchers in the waistline, but it is a real body blow to the rich diet-food industry. In the 20 years since cyclamates were discovered, sales of products containing the nonnutritive sweeteners have risen to \$1 billion annually. An estimated 21 million pounds of cyclamates will be consumed this year. The biggest manufacturer, Chicago's Abbott Laboratories, figures that cyclamates account for 4% of its sales, which were \$351 million last year.

Worst hurt will be the processors of foods containing the sweetener. Most of the cyclamate supply now goes into diet drinks, which have gained at least a 15% share of the market for soft drinks. There is some question whether diet drinkers will switch back to sugar-sweetened drinks or just give it all up in favor of water. Cyclamates are also used in puddings, gelatins, salad dressings, jams and jellies, ice cream and practically all diet foods. The producers of "cured" bacon commonly use cyclamates, which are cheaper than sugar. Cyclamates even go into the making of children's flavored vitamins, pickles and dog food.

Diet drinks containing cyclamates must be removed from shelves by Jan. 1. The announcement took some producers unaware. Instead of trying to fight the ban, Coca-Cola officials say that they are experimenting with other "formulations" for their Tab and Fresca diet drinks, and will probably switch to some other low-calorie sweetener. PepsiCo, which was obviously not caught napping, immediately announced that it will begin marketing within a few weeks cyclamate-free Diet Pepsi-Cola "with a touch of real sugar."

General Mills, General Foods and other major food processors that have extensive low-calorie lines will most likely change to some other sweetener. "The public will continue to look for other diet products rather than return to sugar products," says Marvin Eisenstadt, an official of Cumberland Packing Corp., producers of Sweet 'N Low, a sugar substitute made of saccharin and a cyclamate. It is unlikely, however, that dieters will switch to saccharin, since it often leaves a bitter taste. Obviously a big pot of sugar awaits the inventor who can formulate a new product that is safe, sweet and noncaloric.

ELVU ELYA ELYF ELYI ELYO ELYU EMPA EMBE EMBI EMBO EMBU EMCA EMCE EMCI
 EMDU EMFA EMFE EMFI EMFO EMFU EMGA EMGE EMGI EMGO EMGU EMHA EMHE EMHI
 EMJU EMKA EMKE EMKI EMKO EMKU EMLA EMLE EMLI EMLO EMLU EMMA EMME EMMI

THE GREAT RUSH FOR NEW PRODUCTS

The two most powerful words you can use in a headline are FREE and NEW. You can seldom use FREE, but you can always use NEW—if you try hard enough.

—David Ogilvy,
Confessions of an Advertising Man

THE whoosh, pop and grind of thousands of fanciful contraptions echoed through Manhattan's cavernous Coliseum. The occasion was "Patexpo '69," a show designed to match up 300 inventors of new products with the men who can market them. As the visitors saw, modern man's ingenuity has lately produced a gun that fires a net to enmesh would-be muggers, skis with wheels for schussing on dry land, a timer that rations children's television viewing, tongs that carry melons without bruising them, and a keyless electronic lock that opens when hidden pressure points are pushed. There is even an ingenious array of glass tubes that waters indoor plants while a householder is away. Such an exhibit would have stirred little interest among major companies a few years ago, but this display attracted representatives of some of the nation's largest firms; they could not afford to stay away.

U.S. business today is rushing to develop more products with a shorter shelf life to satisfy the apparently insatiable

and increasingly fickle consumer. Last year more than 9,500 new items were introduced in the consumer package-goods field alone, the area of greatest product turnover. Less than 20% met their sales goals; the cost of new-product failure to U.S. business is estimated to be well over \$2 billion annually. Some highly promoted disappointments in recent years: Gablinger's Beer, Hunt's Flavored Catsups, Fact Toothpaste, Noxzema Medicated Cold Cream and Easy-Off Household Cleaner.

Crap Game. Undaunted, companies go right on turning out new products. Last week Honeywell introduced a \$10.-600 "kitchen computer" programmed to help the U.S. housewife plan her meals and balance her checkbook. Though Honeywell might sell some to millionaires who have everything, the product could be the precursor of much cheaper small computers for the home; other companies are already working on the idea. Singer recently announced that its Friden office-equipment division will bring out at least one new product a month for the next year. "Developing new products is like a gigantic crap game," says Boone Gross, former president of the Gillette Co. "The cost of failure—either by not getting into the game or by launching unsuccessful products—is astronomical. Yet the profits to be earned from successful

new products are almost without limits."

Why is there such a voracious demand for new products? The growth of affluence, travel, education and technology, plus saturation television advertising, have contributed to greater consumption. Items to exploit the anti-establishment values of the youth market—mod clothes, poster art—and the comfort-seeking wants of the increasing number of old people added further to the product crush. As new products proliferate, consumer confusion intensifies and brand loyalty erodes, leading to the creation of still more new items.

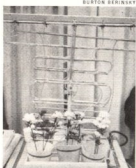
On this shifting scene, a bold new entrepreneur has appeared: the new-product specialist, the privateer who will find or develop a product for any company willing to pay. These specialists contend that most U.S. corporate managers, for all their talk about market research, still think more in terms of product than consumer. The privateers are usually young veterans of advertising or marketing who work on ideas supplied by clients or develop and sell products on their own. More than 20 independent new-product firms are at work on projects for General Foods, National Biscuit, Johnson & Johnson, Bristol-Myers, Continental Can and other companies.

Instant Elephant. Roger Shashoua, 29, has founded the International Inventors Association, a clearinghouse that he claims has 156,000 members. Through it, Shashoua finds and promotes the ideas of inventors, tinkers or a few slightly mad scientists. He either brings the products to client companies, which pay his Patents International Affiliates \$125 a year to get listings of inventions for sale, or markets them himself through a subsidiary. Among the products that his firm is considering putting on the market: a sanitary napkin that dissolves in water and a camera that shoots 360° photographs. Ted Angelus, formerly of BBDO, has started New Products Action Team, Inc., and is searching for a buyer for his Instant Elephant breakfast-food kernels, which pop into animal shapes when milk is added. Foster D. Snell, Inc., which is under contract to several large food firms, is developing meatless ham made of vegetable protein, cholesterol-free eggs, and orange juice without citric acid. The firm also concocts scents for leather products and other goods. "The biggest lure after sight is smell," says Vice President Kurt S. Konigsbacher.

Most so-called new products are merely minor variations of existing items. "A truly new product can be a big game-



DRY-LAND SKIS



TIMED PLANT SPRINKLER



MELON CARRIER



KITCHEN COMPUTER

All to satisfy the apparently insatiable and increasingly fickle consumer.

What to do when a customer gives you a snow job.

When it happened to us, we made tracks.

A track is what a snowmobile runs on. It's something like a huge rubber band, only a thousand times tougher.

It has to be to support 800 pounds of man and machine, to go 90 miles an hour, to climb 45-degree slopes, and to take the slam-bang-crunch of snowmobile landings.

Fact is, it takes muscles of steel to carry on like this. So borrowing an idea from B.F. Goodrich conveyor belt designers, that's what we built into our rubber tracks.

Steel cables inside the track give it toughness. Keep it in perfect shape. So that it won't stretch in use. And a special B.F. Goodrich rubber compound keeps it flexible in cold weather.

Now our business has snowballed beyond snowmobiles, and we're working on track designs for trenchers and rice paddy tractors.

When it comes to making the most of ingenuity and experience, you'll find our track record's pretty good.



B.F. Goodrich

We made tracks.

Why buy life insurance from just any Agent? Look for one of the best.

A New York Life Agent.

There are a number of reasons why he's special.

First off, he's carefully selected, thoroughly trained. Backed by a company with 125 years of experience.

Another reason the New York Life Agent stands out from the crowd: Life insurance is his career. And he devotes *all* his working hours to it.

And when it comes to professional awards, our Agents win their share. And then some. In fact, we have more members of the prestigious Million Dollar Round Table and the Women Leaders Round Table (industry-wide groups of top Agents) than any other company.

Now that you know something about their blue-ribbon qualifications, why not put one of our New York Life Agents to work for you?

New York Life Insurance Company
51 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010
Life, Group and Health Insurance,
Annuities, Pension Plans.



Our 125th year



ble," says Konigsbacher. "It would probably fail unless the company bringing it out was willing to spend heavily to educate the public." Test-marketing of a single product can cost up to \$1,000,000. To cut the bill, many firms are putting heavier emphasis on refining products before the store trial; they increasingly use small panels of consumers who judge products in each stage of development, from conception to completion.

Brand Collision. Finding names for all the products is becoming a major pre-occupation. More than 370,000 trademarks are registered with the U.S. Patent Office, and the number is growing by 20,000 a year. Having all but exhausted the dictionary, marketers are increasingly turning to the computer to produce suitably short, evocative non-words. A typical computer printout (see above) reads: EMBO, EMBU, EMCA, EMCE—and so on and on.

At Du Pont, finding one name can tie up the talents of a team of marketers, lawyers, advertising men and psychologists. They comb the computer lists, eliminating those words that are difficult to pronounce, look bad in print or are too similar to existing trademarks. The leftovers are tested for general appeal and memorability. With so many names floating about, no marketing man can be sure of avoiding a conflict. General Foods recently started test-marketing a snack product called Pringle's Pop Chips only to discover that Procter & Gamble was simultaneously testing Pringle's Newfangled Potato Chips. Even greater risks lurk in the slang of foreign languages. A leather-preservation manufacturer tried to market a product called Dreck—until he discovered that the name means dirt (or worse) in German and Yiddish.

Will the tide of new products ever ebb? No, says Edward H. Meyer, president of Grey Advertising. "The products will continue to come; there's no end to that at all." That view is questioned by Wayne Jarvis, formerly Interpublic's new-product chief, who now heads his own product-development agency. "We are going through a phase when there are too many new products—some perhaps that are not meeting real needs," he says. Considering the crushing rate of new-product failure, that is indeed an understatement.

AUSTRALIA

Nickel and Dime Boom

Stock fever has swept Australia, which is going through the wildest wave of investment speculation in its history. In Melbourne's new 26-story exchange building last week, somber-suited businessmen, workmen in overalls and pigtailed secretaries jostled each other in the gold-carpeted gallery to watch brokers screaming for 10¢, 20¢ and 50¢ shares of mining and oil companies. One day, trading on the Sydney exchange reached a record of nearly 36 million shares.

The boom was set off by a small but

promising nickel find in the sand and spinex of Western Australia. It attracted particular attention because of the worldwide nickel shortage, made worse this summer when Canadian nickel miners went on strike. A tiny Australian mining company called Poseidon started the speculative mania late in September. A drill on its 1,100-acre lease in desolate Windarra churned up traces of nickel ore. After the company announced assays of 3.5% nickel, its stock, which had sold earlier in the year for 50¢ a share, jumped to \$35. "In sober fact, all the company has to offer in support of this is a hole in the ground," warned the *London Times*.

But the rush was on. Speculators turned to cheaper issues of other mineral companies operating in Australia's raw and open West. Rumors spread



PANDEMONIUM ON SYDNEY STOCK EXCHANGE
All from one hole in the ground.

that undiscovered nickel deposits lay under much of the territory. Thus, the boom is likely to spur prospecting as well as speculation.

The nickel find was made by Ken Shirley, 55, a veteran of 40 years' prospecting for gold in the Outback. Last year he went to work for Poseidon. He found several promising outcroppings and staked out the drilling site. The big payoff has gone not to Shirley but to his burly friend Norman Shierlaw, an Adelaide broker, who hired him for Poseidon. A mining engineer before turning to finance last year, Shierlaw controls 8% of the company's 2.5 million shares, an amount worth \$6.5 million. Sitting behind a desk littered with empty beer cans, lumps of ore, contract notes and mining magazines, Shierlaw said: "Early in the week it was champagne, but we've calmed down a bit now. Back on beer." Meanwhile, his friend Shirley, who owns an undisclosed amount of the company's stock, had returned to Windarra—to begin prospecting again.

SHIPPING

Requiem for Heavyweights

Oliver Wendell Holmes Sr. rescued the U.S.S. *Constitution* from the wreckers in 1830, when he wrote the memorable poem "Old Ironsides," which begins, "Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!" After a national outpouring of emotion, Congress quickly appropriated funds for the restoration of the frigate. It is still docked in Boston Harbor, a symbol of America's longtime affinity for tall ships and deep water. Poetry may have been enough to save a ship from the scrap heap then, but in an age more closely attuned to the demands of economics the sight of the Stars and Stripes fluttering from the flagstaff of a liner appears to be a luxury that is excessively costly to support.

In less than two years, five of the best-known U.S. passenger ships have been laid up indefinitely: American Export's *Atlantic*, Independence and *Constitution* and Moore-McCormack's *Brasil* and *Argentina*. Rumors abound that the pride of the merchant fleet, the *United States*, will be mothballed at the end of the year, when its annual Government subsidy of about \$12 million runs out. The U.S. Lines has asked for a renewal of the subsidy, but has made no great show of enthusiasm for the idea. The ship often carries fewer than the 1,500 passengers that it needs to break even on a North Atlantic run, and it loses nearly \$5,000,000 a year.

No Arl. This week President Nixon plans to explain in a policy statement how he proposes to keep a cam-

paign promise to raise the tonnage of U.S. trade carried in American ships from the present 6% to 30% by the mid-1970s. Maritime Administrator Andrew E. Gibson said last week that the Nixon program would support the building of new ships "designed for production, not as works of art." Though Gibson agreed with the proposition that efficient ships can compete internationally without an operating subsidy, he admitted that the end of Government aid was far away. Last year the Government spent \$206 million to subsidize the merchant fleet.

Operating subsidies are essentially designed to keep fares on U.S. liners competitive with Greek, Panamanian and other foreign-flag ships by offsetting the wage differential between U.S. and foreign seamen. The rationale has been that U.S. citizens sailing on American ships help narrow the balance of payments deficit by spending their ticket money with domestic instead of foreign companies. It is doubtful, however, that the balance of payments gains are



S.S. "UNITED STATES"
Voyage to oblivion?

worth spending so much taxpayers' money in the form of subsidies.

Proponents of ship subsidies also wave the issue of national defense. "There are still a lot of military people," says Bernard Ruskin, an official of the National Maritime Union, "who think that a ship like the *United States*, which can carry a full division and can out-run any submarine, ought to be kept up." But after taking account of its huge fleet of transport planes, the Defense Department announced several years ago that it had no need for passenger ships to carry troops.

Floating Hotels. Some shipping men figure that the passenger ships are valuable for prestige and publicity. The trouble is that they are plainly uneconomical. Six big container-ships can now handle more freight than 23 cargo ships used to, but carrying passengers is somewhat like operating a hotel and tourists cannot be containerized. One way to make money would be to put more freight on passenger ships. Grace Line runs a profitable "cargo-liner" service from New York to the west coasts of Central and South America. "But when you combine freight and passengers, freight gets priority," points out an American Export official. "A line may operate on a schedule, but if it sets a sailing for 7 o'clock, you will be lucky if you leave before midnight."

The most logical solution would be for U.S.-flag carriers to pool their ships and run them noncompetitively, provided that labor and the Government would agree. Three companies—U.S. Lines, Moore-McCormack, American Export—started to negotiate such a deal earlier this year, but talks ended unsuccessfully because, says Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union, "they keep looking for angles that would give them an unfair share of the new company."

ENTREPRENEURS

The Tribulations of Saul

Saul Steinberg is a 30-year-old wonder who founded Leasco, a pioneer computer-leasing company, two years after graduating from the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce in 1959. Since then, by extending his successful leasing activities into other areas and adding insurance and data-processing operations, he has built the company into a business with assets of \$400 million. When Steinberg, a tall and portly man, announced last summer that he intended to make a \$60 million bid for the London scientific publishing house of Pergamon Press Ltd., Britons viewed him as a brash Yankee millionaire—one of those action sculptors who hammer out free-form conglomerates. This impression was fortified by Leasco's on-again, off-again tactics. After withdrawing the offer in a falling-out with Pergamon's chairman, Robert Maxwell, with whom he had originally got on well, Steinberg lined up enough support from British institutional investors to oust Maxwell at a stormy meeting two weeks ago.

Steinberg wanted Pergamon for the 135 scientific journals that it publishes—solid assets for a Leasco data bank. "Over the years you build up an immense file of information," he says. "We can provide instant retrieval for that information." Presumably, Steinberg would like to sell this information directly to companies, governments and educational institutions in the U.S. and abroad.

During the takeover struggle, Steinberg remained in the background while the British Rothschilds, who acted as Leasco's advisers in the bid, rounded up the crucial 15% of Pergamon's stock that is controlled by staid bankers in London's City. That stock, added to Leasco's 38% holding in the company, put Steinberg over the top.

Help from Raquel. It would please Steinberg if the U.S. financial community would also accept him as the so-bersided entrepreneur that he believes himself to be. He started his company with \$25,000 borrowed from his father, bought IBM computers and leased them to users at rates below IBM's own rental charges. He could undercut IBM's prices because he was willing to risk depreciating the computers over eight instead of four years, gambling successfully on a longer useful life of the equipment. From this base he moved into related fields, buying a container-leasing company and developing software, data and time-sharing operations.

In 1968, Leasco acquired Philadelphia's Reliance Insurance Co., an old-line company with useful cash assets. This deal, accomplished through a stock swap, sparked an inquiry by Brooklyn Democratic Congressman Emanuel Celler, who has serious doubts about conglomerates' taking over insurance com-

panies and using their funds for expansion. Among the details turned up in hearings last week was that, in preparing the bid, Leasco executives used the code name "Raquel" for Reliance to conceal the identity of the target from even Leasco's own employees.

Chemical Reaction. Last February Steinberg stalked bigger game: Manhattan's Chemical Bank, whose assets of \$9 billion make it the sixth biggest bank in the U.S. When word got around that Saul was trying to do a David, the reaction of many financiers was chemical. The Waspish commercial banking Establishment did not want a Manhattan bank to be taken over by a young upstart, especially one with a name like Steinberg. Bank trust departments dumped Leasco shares, pushing the price down to one-third, and Steinberg was forced to retreat. Noting the eagerness with which major banks, through one-bank holding companies, have been seeking to enter Leasco's field of leasing and data operations, Steinberg still believes that there is a natural link between Leasco and banking. But he now says, "I would never want to get so heavily involved with someone who was not enthusiastic."

Leasco is no longer a one-man band. Steinberg has brought in talent at the top, including a new president, Frank McCracken, 50, who was lured away from a 23-year career at IBM. He has also hired Thomas C. Sorensen (brother of Ted) to modulate Leasco's publicity into a lower, less personal key. That may take some doing. Steinberg has been regarded as almost wholly responsible for the ups and downs of a company whose stock, despite a clobbering this year, has multiplied 17 times over since Leasco went public in 1965.

PHOTO ASSOCIATED PRESS



STEINBERG & MAXWELL IN HAPPIER DAYS
Almost like David.



FOLKS OFTEN ASK who takes the pictures for Jack Daniel's. Well, meet Joe Clark.

That's him, with the cameras round his neck, talking with the boys in our rickyard. Joe was born and raised right here in our Tennessee hills. So we're as happy to have him visit at Jack Daniel's as he is to come. Now if you're wondering if Joe has anything to do with making our whiskey, the answer is no. But he's taken so many pictures of the way we do it, we just thought we'd pull a switch and take one of him.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

TELEVISION

TALK SHOWS

Back to the Origins

"What do you get when you cross a home movie camera with a French Revolution? A camera that cuts everybody's head off." That is a "crossing" joke, one of the standard bits of yet another TV talk show, this one chaired by David Frost, out of Britain. Clearly, his crossing gags don't travel all that well, but everything else about *The David Frost Show* is doing very nicely. In its third month of syndication by Westinghouse Broadcasting Co., the series is running in 63 U.S. cities, and already rates No. 1 in its time slot (mostly afternoon) in Boston, Philadelphia and San Francisco.

Frost himself, both physically and professionally, is what you get when you cross a William F. Buckley Jr. with a Tommy Steele. He is a resourceful interrogator with a vaudevillian stage sense. More important, he has brought the talk show back toward its original purpose. As host, Frost asks questions that make sense, and actually listens to the answers. His guests are people worth hearing out—not just routine talk-show circuit riders plugging their latest movies and books.

Leisurely Ambiance. On show after show, Frost and his guests have dug seriously into the Viet Nam issue.* Last week, in a Moderator Day special, Frost refereed a heated debate between Bill Buckley ("The youth of America are overwhelmingly on the side of heroism") and Adam Walinsky ("Those facts are as fanciful as your casualty figures"). The studio audience was also rung into the fray—a frequently effective device of the Frost show. Most impassioned of the unscheduled guests was Actress Shelley Winters, who chimed in four times from the front row and once, on the verge of tears, implored the panel: "No matter what facts you gentlemen muster, you have to know that millions of boys and girls tonight, all over the country, are saying, they made a goddamned mess of everything and get us out!"

Another major distinction of the Frost show is that a visitor can spiel on as long as he is compelling, and the host does not feel a constant compulsion to bring in disparate guests to hold his audience. Senator Edmund Muskie soloed for 37 minutes. Congressman Adam Clayton Powell Jr., who rattled off lines like, "I am probably the only living American, black or white, that just doesn't give a damn"—holds the record so far with a run of 39 minutes.

Sometimes the leisurely ambiance lulls a guest into an unexpected revelation. Raquel Welch insisted that the



FROST & RAQUEL WELCH
Out of the usual shallows.

brain is "a very erogenous zone." Young Actress Anjelica Huston conceded that her father, John Huston, should never have cast her in *A Walk with Love and Death*. She found herself "no good, awful. There's so many young girls waiting for the opportunity, dying . . . I shouldn't have been that selfish." On an earlier show, during a discussion on world overpopulation, Arthur Godfrey leaned over, asked David, "Wanna know a secret?," and then told a nationwide audience that he had himself sterilized. How is one's sex life after the operation? Said Godfrey: "Even better."

Though Frost's interviews run deeper than the shallows of rival talk shows, in deference to ratings realities he does not neglect show biz. He tries to book music acts on a slightly higher plane than the competition (Mel Tormé, pre-recorded segments of the Rolling Stones), but his comedians are often bottom of the barrel. Appearing this week for the third time is Leonard Barr, a comic whose major credential is that he is Dean Martin's uncle. Frost likes to involve his audience, with mixed results. A prune-eating contest was embarrassing, but when F. Lee Bailey cross-examined studio volunteers as if they were venemore for a potential murder trial jury, the result was TV at its best.

Folse Hank. Whether shallow or deep, Frost maintains a certain Cambridge aplomb (except for his non-U cackle of a laugh). The son of a Methodist preacher, he went through university on a scholarship, emerged on a dead run. By age 23, he was star of a satirical nightclub revue and a prime mover behind the BBC's *That Was the Week That Was*. A tepid version of the show, featuring Frost, ran briefly on NBC. Today, at 30, he is a dominant figure in British

TV. As anchorman for ITV, the commercial network, during July's moon-landing coverage, he outrated the BBC. Frost is also a key partner in the consortium controlling Britain's weekend commercial programming.

By dint of a merciless commuting schedule that shuttles him to London every Wednesday and back to New York every Sunday, he produces four British comedy series and stars in two one-hour talk shows. Not even a nasty tumble in a bathtub could stop him last week. He went on with a hank of false hair to hide the four stitches in his scalp. "I shall stick to this pace," he quips, "until I drop dead at 32."

Come December, Frost will take leave of his London talk show to concentrate on the States. With unshakable self-confidence, he obviously sees himself as the Rod Laver of television and would consider success in the U.S. the culmination of his own grand slam: Westinghouse pays him an estimated \$500,000, and a bachelor like Frost can make do on that (his women, he says, "must be beautiful and have done something I respect"). He is unfazed by the fact that other U.S. talk shows conducted by Donald O'Connor, Woody Woodbury and Joan Rivers have gone out of production, and that Merv Griffin and Joey Bishop are in rating jeopardy (see following story).

Frost's public explanation for his invasion of the New York TV jungle is that the U.S. is where the free world's decisions are being made and where political involvement is taken for granted. "In England," he says, "very few issues are still to be ascertained. In America, the verdict is still in the making." Furthermore, he says, he seeks to raise U.S. television coverage of those issues to a higher level. The networks, he feels, "always underestimate the American public. The great danger in TV is not programs that arouse people to fury or offense but those that do not arouse the people to fury or offense." Besides, he adds, "I can't see anywhere else where the grass is greener."

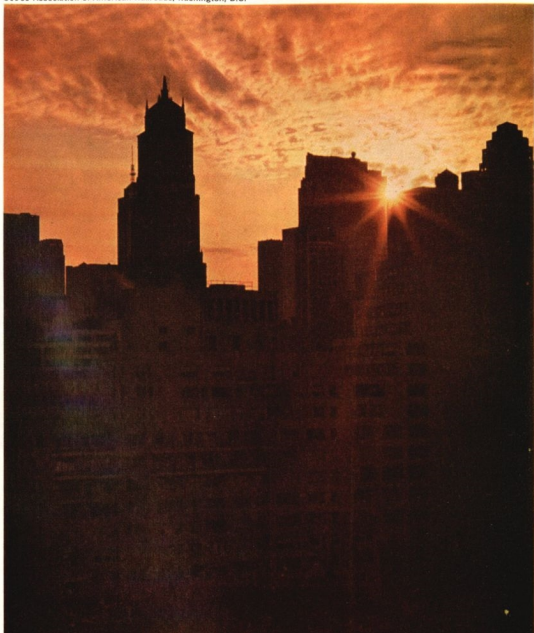
Here's Johnny—Where's Merv?

In August, when it first got into the late-night talk show competition, CBS bannered its promotion campaign, "Give the Kid a Break." The kid was Host Merv Griffin, chosen to challenge NBC's champ, Johnny Carson, after clicking on daytime game shows and a syndicated afternoon talk series. By last week, it appeared that the kid was the kind that drooped without daylight.

Merv seemed lustreless after dark; his whoopee all seemed to come from an aerosol can that went poof. In the latest ratings, Carson was more securely than ever the nation's midnight idol, commanding a healthy 37% of the audience, compared with a measly 15% for Griffin. ABC's Joey Bishop is third, with 12%. The remaining 36% of the viewers are watching old movies and other shows scheduled by independent channels and network-affiliated holdouts.

* By contrast, CBS's Merv Griffin asked Theodore Sorensen the obvious how-are-we-going-to-get-out question, and let him get away with the answer: "Boats."

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MILESTONES

Born. To Crown Princess Beatrix of The Netherlands, 31, and Prince Claus, 43: their third son; in Utrecht.

Married. Corrine Huff, 28, onetime beauty queen and former secretary and No. 1 companion to high-living Congressman Adam Clayton Powell; and Patrick Brown, 25, until recently Powell's Bimini-based fishing-boat captain; both for the first time; in an Anglican ceremony; in Bimini, the Bahamas.

Died. Abdirashid Ali Shermarke, 49, President of Somalia (see THE WORLD).

Died. Rudolf Freund, 54, wildlife artist whose meticulously detailed illustrations appeared in books and magazines and graced LIFE's nature articles for two decades; of a stroke; in Collegeville, Pa. Beginning with LIFE in the late '40s, Freund was noted for his studies of insects and for his re-creations of extinct animal species. Many volumes of the LIFE Nature Library contain his illustrations.

Died. Sonja Henie, 57, Norwegian-born queen of the ice revues in the 1930s and '40s; of leukemia; in an ambulance plane between Paris and Oslo. The chubby, bedimpled daughter of a prosperous Oslo fur wholesaler, Sonja captured Norway's figure skating championship by the time she was ten. In 1927 she won the first of her ten consecutive world titles and the following year earned the first of three successive Olympic crowns. As astute in business as she was graceful on skates, she turned professional in 1936, made eleven movies (*One in a Million*, *Thin Ice*, *Sun Valley Serenade*), which grossed \$25 million, and produced more than a dozen spectacular ice shows before retiring in 1956.

Died. Father Damien Boulogne, 58, the Dominican priest who lived 523 days with a transplanted heart, a record second only to that of South Africa's Dr. Philip Blaiberg, who survived for 594 days; of as yet undetermined causes; in Paris. On May 12, 1968, Boulogne received the heart of a 39-year-old Paris customs officer, and within a few months had resumed a more or less normal life, working on a book and regularly celebrating Mass. His death came as a complete surprise to his doctor, Charles Dubost, who was away lecturing at a Mexican university.

Died. Rod La Rocque, 70, movie matinee idol of the '20s and '30s, who rose to stardom in such silent swashbucklers as *Captain Swagger* and *The Love Pirates*, married the Hungarian heart-throb Vilma Banky in one of the film colony's splashiest weddings in 1927, and in defiance of all Hollywood tradition remained married to her forever after; of a heart attack; in Beverly Hills.

Rockwell Report

by A. C. Daugherty, President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



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CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Fool's Gold

A wagon is a square with four wheels. In *Paint Your Wagon* the wheels are Lee Marvin, Clint Eastwood, Jean Seberg and Harve Presnell. The square is Film Maker Joshua Logan, a successful stage director whose ponderous film adaptations (*South Pacific*, *Fanny*, *Camelot*) follow him like a string of mules.

Paint Your Wagon has the same composer (Frederick Loewe) and lyricist (Alan Jay Lerner) as *Camelot*. It also exhibits the same lack of knack. Again there are broad performances more appropriate to marionettes than men. Again there is the literal representation of lyrics, as when the camera shows pines waving to illustrate the haunting song, *They Call the Wind Maria*. And again there is a backward alchemy, turning folklore into exaggeration.

A settlement called No Name City sprouts at the peak of the Gold Rush. Population: male. In No Name dwell a miner, forty-niner (Lee Marvin), and his partner (Clint Eastwood). In time—great gaping wastes of it—along comes a blonde named Elizabeth (Jean Seberg). There isn't enough of Elizabeth to go around, so she shacks up with both partners. They make a beautiful triple until No Name is visited by some outsiders carrying a plague of respectability. Elizabeth succumbs, and only an hour and a half after the audience anticipates it, she settles down with one of her husbands. The other follows his "wand'rin' star" to the next gold strike.

The raucous caucus of miners results in some explosions of laughter. The score—notably *I Still See Elisa*, *I Talk to the Trees* and *Wand'rin' Star*

—is strong enough to levitate several musicals. But only Presnell has a legitimate singing voice, and he is given a single solo and a walk-on role as a bordello manager. Seberg's dubbed voice is as thin as the plot, and Eastwood's real one is scarcely a millimeter thicker. Marvin gamely rasps his lines, but crooning is not his bag. Comedy is, Fitted with outrageous muttonchop whiskers and a mop of a mustache, he postures and pratfalls with a grace that was previously achieved only by Buster Keaton and total alcoholics.

When it opened on Broadway 18 years ago, *Paint Your Wagon* was slowed by a static book and a production as badly in need of girls as its miners. On paper, Lerner's improved libretto—and a score with some new music by Andre Previn—seemed to hit the mother lode. But that was before the director made it a fool's Gold Rush. Lee Marvin has done what he could to give the wagon a push on-screen. But the only motion that can give this Logonized vehicle velocity is promotion.

Big budget or small, no Hollywood film is complete these days without the "promo bit"—cross-country tours by the stars to plug the movie in the press and on TV. Lee Marvin has gone that route enough times to have pained memories: "Blah, blah, blah. Get stiff. Grab a shower. Take a plane. Blah, blah, blah. Get stiff."

For *Paint Your Wagon*, Paramount's praise agents laid out a schedule for Marvin that could drive a man to drink—and did. *TIME* Associate Editor Ray Kennedy and Reporter Mary Cronin rode along. Their report:

Marvin began his tour in Houston looking trim and hickory-hard, striding through the airport like a drill sergeant in Dacron. Trailing behind were his large pressagent, his little manager, Meyer Mishkin, and local studio men handing out photographs and toting bags. "Hey!" shouted a cab driver, clapping an arm around Marvin's shoulder. "Where's your horse?"

"You see that," said Mishkin. "Everybody loves the guy. Not because he's a star, but because he's one of them."

Marvin is also something else, an ex-Marine who has given up hunting to help "conserve some of the species," an actor for whom *Paint Your Wagon* was not just a film but "a dream of a time when I should have lived." As he moved along the chitchat-and-canapé circuit last week in his polka-dot shirt, Levi's and sneakers, he seemed more a displaced mountain man than movie star, a character created not by Logan but by Zane Grey. When he launched into one of his stories, punctuated with bammos! and whistles, arm waving and mimicry, he might well have been regaling a bunch of the boys around a campfire.

BOB WILLOUGHBY



WITH SEBERG
By Grey, not Logan.

At the Hotel America, Marvin paused to receive a scroll declaring him an honorary Houstonian, then ducked into the Rib Room for a press dinner. Asked about John Wayne, he stared at two reporters with mock malevolence across his tossed salad, slowly raised a pointed finger from an imaginary holster and cried: "Zap! Whammo! Jesus, the guy's stiff got it." But, said one reporter, "Wayne's 62 now and his fight scenes are beginning to look a little—well..." "Fight scenes!" roared Marvin. "Hell, I thought those were his love scenes. Hey, don't print that. Oh, go ahead. I can always say, 'Hey, look, Duke, I was drinking, see?'"

But he wasn't. As Mishkin kept telling the theater owner at the other end of the table: "When we play, we play. When we work, we work." But the man persisted: "Lee, how about us all doin' a little quail huntin'? We'll take some baby dolls along, drink a little whiskey, do a little gamblin'." "No drinkin'." Mishkin said.

Later, sprawled on the couch in his hotel suite, Marvin allowed that his fee for *Paint Your Wagon* was \$1,000,000, plus a percentage. He likes the movie for other reasons too: "I was getting tired of being the heavy, always killing guys and slapping broads around."

On the plane to New York the next day, Marvin said: "There's an old adage in the business: Never shack up with anyone with lower billing than you. Now here I am, running out of shacks-ups. But you know, when you reach 45 and are making enough money to retire, you still have to keep making the flicks. Yeah, you keep working."

at the masculinity thing, reconfirming it, always asking yourself, 'Hey, Jesus, am I losing it?'

"Look at all that beautiful open land down there," Marvin said, staring out the window. "That's where I belong. You know, after this goddam tour is over I been thinking maybe I'll get one of those two-seater biplanes with the open cockpit. You know, put on the hel-



MARVIN & FRIEND IN "WAGON"
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met, the goggles, the whole bit. Then when you look over the side in the wind—whap! you're there. I used to race motorcycles for the same reason. Because you're there. Or maybe I'll do a little fishing, a little drinking. Hell, no. A lot of drinking."

That evening Marvin went to see *Oh! Calcutta!* He could hardly restrain himself, he said, from standing up and shouting: "I saw all of this 15 years ago for two bucks in New Orleans! And it was done better." When he was leaving the theater, a woman stopped him and said: "Wasn't that beautiful theater?" The remark so angered him, he says, that he decided to break his no-drinking pledge.

From the Lip. Next day, arriving at a rehearsal for the *Ed Sullivan Show*, Marvin was beginning to show the rigors of the tour. Nettled by a last-minute change in format, he strode onstage before the Yale Glee Club, gave them a middle-finger salute, and shouted: "Why aren't you out demonstrating?" The glee club applauded. Later Marvin apologized: "I'm sorry I was so rotten this afternoon. I was a little juiced."

Sneaking off to Central Park in a rare free moment, he sat on a boulder and watched the Columbus Day parade. Then back to the grind. Faced with eleven—repeat eleven—interviews in two days, a weary Marvin began to shoot from the lip. Why did he go into show biz? "Because I wanted to shack up with this redhead at the Woodstock Theater." What do you do to relax? "Nothing. You don't do things to relax." What do you do when you're not working? "I get in a lot of trouble. Like I can't find my car at the end of the day."

Midway through the tour, Marvin was trying to find himself. Slumped in a limousine en route to another interview, he moaned: "Oh, God, I wish I were back at my pad in Malibu, sitting on the deck, drink in one hand, my chick in the other, and listening to the surf fall." Ahead, however, were more cocktail parties, more table hopping, and more questions—all capped by a flight to Nashville, Tenn., for one final grilling by disk jockeys at the Country Music Association convention.

The prospect prompted another act. "Hello, room service," Marvin growled into an imaginary telephone. "Send me a bottle. No, no mix. Just a bottle. And hurry."

Their Feignest Hour

The Battle of Britain is one of those inane, stiff-upper-lip war flicks that attempt to make up with historical accuracy what they lack in dramatic impact. There are lots of old airplanes, Spitfires, Messerschmitts and the like, and a couple of spectacular dogfights. At film's end, there is even a list of the dead and wounded on both sides, flashed onscreen like a kind of post-game scoreboard. Additionally, an all-star cast is recruited to man the planes and give

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some faint semblance of life to the statistics. This presents its own problems, however: once they are airborne and covered with goggles and oxygen mask, it is impossible to distinguish between any of the actors. A possible solution for future projects: the flight helmets should have the names of the performers, rather than their characters, stenciled across them. One could then immediately tell the difference between Caine, M.; Plummer, C.; and Shaw, R.

Back on the ground, with little but their own dignity to hide behind, Laurence Olivier, Harry Andrews, Ralph Richardson and Trevor Howard have some good sport impersonating various historical figures who stand about the control room looking grim but determined. There is a thunderous, pseudo-symphonic score to delude the audience into believing that various moments are tense, exciting, exhilarating, tragic, or all of those things at once. It also helps keep people awake during the movie's interminable 2-hr. 10-min. running time, in which it often seems that *The Battle of Britain* takes longer to watch than it did to wage.

Ye Olde Lonesome Road

Heron of Foix (Assaf Dayan) is not wise in the ways of the world, but he is eager. He is young, and he has a great longing to behold the sea. He is expelled from the university and goes in search of the ocean and experience that will make him truly a man. To achieve this worthy goal he must cross a countryside of the 14th century ravaged by war and fear. He must undergo many adventures and many hardships. For his route lies directly down the road of life, and yea, verily, his journey is *A Walk with Love and Death*.

Gypsies, vassals, whoremasters, murderers and murderers await Heron at every turn of the road. Each encounter teaches Heron something new. It is when Heron meets Claudia (Anjelica Huston), the doe-eyed daughter of a benign monarch, that he begins to grow to manhood with a fearful swiftness. He protects Claudia when the peasants sack her father's domain. The peasants are exceeding wroth. Heron and Claudia flee. But no man will give them refuge. They have only the shelter of their hearts. Perhaps it is the wind in the trees, but it surely sounds as if Heron, much in despair, cries: "Oh, Claudia, why must man always make war? Why cannot he rest and make love?" Claudia can give no reply. Truly, it is a great question.

The father superior at an old abbey offers the lovers temporary refuge but, alas, insists that they stay in separate parts of the building. Claudia and Heron ask to be married, but the father superior refuses in great heat. Claudia and Heron, likewise in great heat, awake in the night to find that the abbey has been deserted. In desperation they perform the nuptial ceremony themselves, for time grows short and the soldiers surely approach. Claudia and Heron

cling to each other like the very vines as the enemy closes in on them. Neither will ever see the sea.

John Huston, one formerly to whom much honor was due, filmed this woe-filled tale and even subjected his own daughter to it. Dale Wasserman set it down in words taken by Hans Koningsberger from his own novel, perhaps with a broadsword. Moshe Dayan's son traveled all the way from Israel to take part. These all have conspired together to produce this thing, and all must share equally in the blame. There is, truly, more than sufficient for each.

A Child's Garden of Sade

It all started because the Marquis de Sade had a lousy home life. His uncle, the abbé (John Huston), gave him mighty whuppings in the stable. His mother-in-law (Lilli Palmer) fooled him into mar-



DULLEA IN ORGY SCENE
Of course it hurts.

rying her ugly daughter, then quickly began to make untoward advances of her own. Small wonder Sade went so quickly to seed, consorting with low women and doing mean things to them. "But it hurts," protests one of his lady friends. "Of course it hurts. That's what gives me pleasure," sneers Sade, just in case anyone in the audience is confused.

The new movie biography called *de Sade* is also painful. Keir Dullea appears as the troubled marquis, and his vulpine, immobile face helps him to range between anger ("Don't you ever say 'Enough' to me!") and pitiful pleading ("But if . . . I changed?") with indifference. The orgies are only slightly more titillating than a *Playboy* centerfold, and a good deal less polished. According to this film, the marquis' most notable contribution to esoteric eroticism was spreading jam on women's nipples.



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EVERY year about 30,000 new titles are printed in the U.S. Putting aside paperbacks (about 7,500), textbooks (more than 2,000) as well as thousands of specialty volumes of limited interest, that leaves some 5,000 hard-cover books which each year come to TIME's Book Section for examination and possible review. Choosing between them week by week as they arrive is an often agonizing, always time-consuming process, even though many swiftly prove 1) badly written, 2) wretchedly edited, and 3) largely unnecessary. In this issue, instead of choosing, we attempt to give the reader a sampling of the American literary overflow by presenting thumbnail reviews of one whole week of books (excepting a handful, mostly how-to guides and Christmas specials) to be published between Oct. 18 and 24.

Novels

BANEFUL SORCERIES by Joan Sanders. 352 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$6.95. The mock memoir of a French girl whose marriage to a decadent nobleman is complicated by black Masses and poisonings—some of which actually scandalized the court of Louis XIV. The author succeeds elegantly with baroque setting and sinister plot.

ENCYCLOPEDIA by Richard Horn. 157 pages. Grove Press. \$4.95. The hapless love affair of hopeful Poet Tom (Americana) Jones and wealthy, bohemian-bound Sadie (Britannica) Massey is cross-referenced in brief, satirical, encyclopedic passages from ABORTION to ZOO CAFETERIA. What you can't look up, you can't put down.

ERMYNTRUDE AND ESMERALDA by Lytton Strachey. 75 pages. Stein and Day. \$5.95. A novelistic joke by the author of *Eminent Victorians* protests repression through the letters of two sexually inquisitive girls. Written in 1913 and rather cutesie-pie, with terms like pussy cat and bow-wow for private parts.

THE FRUITS OF WINTER by Bernard Clavel. 382 pages. Coward-McCann. \$6.95. Mère and Père Dubois cope less with World War II than with the grim guerrilla assaults of old age in this incessantly poignant, Goncourt prize-winning novel of French village life.

THE COUNTRY CLUB by Nancy Bruff. 339 pages. Bartholomew House. \$6.95. Worldly doings and undoings on and around a posh golf course. Pure tripe, but wait until you see the movie.

IN A WILD SANCTUARY by William Harrison. 320 pages. Morrow. \$6.95. Four Chicago grad students in a suicide pact that begins as a joke and ends with tragedy. Sensitive and full of suspense.

COMING-OUT PARTY by Richard Frede. 237 pages. Random House. \$5.95. To pay off a \$20,000 debt, a writer is forced into a job with the CIA, etc.

THE SPOOK WHO SAT BY THE DOOR by Sam Greenlee. 248 pages. Baron. \$4.95. A CIA "house nigger" drops out to train black teen-agers as "Freedom Fighters." A schizophrenic first novel by a young black, the book blends James Bond parody with wit and rage.

ALP by William Hjortsberg. 157 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$4.95. A honeymooning American couple, a witch, a dwarf, assorted deaths, a mad seduction in a careening *téléphérique*—adding up to zero.

THE IMMORTALS OF THE MOUNTAIN by C. Virgil Gheorghiu. 186 pages. Henry Regnery. \$5.95. This novel about Rumanian peasants mistreated by landholders is far below *The Twenty-Fifth Hour*, the author's post-World War II story of concentration camps.

THE BLACK CAMELS by Ronald Johnston. 216 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$4.95. Sheik-to-sheik high jinks among the oil-rich and rapacious Bedouins.

THE DANJU GIG by Carolyn Weston. 195 pages. Random House. \$4.95. A smart-mouthed Jewish agent and a black movie star play at espionage in a small West African dictatorship. Sample prose: "Again he belched. Lox and gin."

HOUSE ON FIRE by Arch Oboler. 249 pages. Bartholomew. \$5.95. A radio and film veteran, the author has produced a nasty little hybrid—part melodrama about two juvenile murderers, part philosophical twaddle about whether God is dead, blind or just out to lunch.

THE BIG WIN by Jimmy Miller. 241 pages. Knopf. \$5.95. After the virtual depopulation of the U.S. and Russia by a Chinese poison plague in A.D. 2004, a tough New Yorker, a beautiful Parisian aristocrat and a hippie from Venus hunt for the missing Chinese war criminals. An overstrained, social-satire freak-out.

THE ANTIBODIES by Peter Baker. 377 pages. Putnam. \$6.95. A transparent and pedestrian attempt to make the bestseller list, using the theme of medical malpractice in transplant surgery.

FOLLOW THE RUNNING GRASS by Georgia McKinley. 244 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$4.95. First novel about a Texas as dynasty from pioneer grandfather to would-be-liberal grandson. Overdone.

THE GOVERNOR'S LADY by Norman Collins. 381 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$6.95. The colonials, the natives, and death on safari in Africa of the 1930s, including a governor with a steel-claw hand and scruples to match.

ANGELS FALLING by Janice Elliott. 409 pages. Knopf. \$6.95. Miss Elliott's three-



JANIS IAN



ROD MCKUEN



ALAN VILLIERS



A. L. ROWSE



CLAUDE LÉVI-STRAUSS



STUART VAUGHAN

generation chronicle of a British family named Garland—many of whose members betray great emotion by throwing up—reads a hit like the *Forsyte Saga* viscerated for television.

Short Stories

AT NIGHT ALL CATS ARE GREY by Patrick Boyle. 256 pages. Grove. \$4.95. Filial infighting, the sound of sibling revelry by night, Irish wakes, corpse-rooms, tipping grannies, occasional flashes of savage perception and true humor.

A WESTERN BONANZA edited by Todd Hunter Ballard. 419 pages. Doubleday. \$6.95. Slick fairy tales from everybody's Old West wholesomely packaged as "frontier folklore."

Mysteries and Science Fiction

THE LONG TWILIGHT by Keith Laumer. 222 pages. Putnam. \$4.95. Sci-fi explanation of Thor, Odin, Loki and a few other figures from Norse mythology as the ageless ether agents of some intergalactic villains.

YOUNG PREY by Hillary Waugh. 206 pages. Doubleday. \$4.95. Sophomoric sermonette about a detective stalking the black rapist-murderer of a blonde would-be hippie. No kin to Evelyn.

CIRCLE OF SQUARES by William Price Turner. 192 pages. Walker. \$4.50. A flaccid mystery about clandestine middle-aged conspirators against the tyranny of youth who discover the titillations and limitations of Flab Power.

DAMNATION ALLEY by Roger Zelazny. 157 pages. Putnam. \$4.95. A colloidal suspension of sci-fi death wishes, atomic warfare, erupting volcanoes, mutants and—for ultimate deadliness—motorcycle gangs. Light but lurid.

Poetry

ROBERT GRAVES: POEMS 1965-1968. 97 pages. Doubleday. \$4.95. "The obstinate habit I have formed of refusing to adopt a synthetic period style, or join any literary racket," Robert Graves once wrote, "has given my poems what would be called a 'hand-made, individual craftsmanship quality.'" Characteristic of that craftsmanship, as this add to *Collected Poems* (1965) shows, are intensity, elegance and a classical lucidity.

WHO REALLY CARES by Janis Ian. 85 pages. Dial. \$3.95. A popular folksinger at the age of 15 does not necessarily, at the age of 18, a good poet make.

IN SOMEONE'S SHADOW by Rod McKuen. 108 pages. Random House. \$3.95. "I have learned no new alphabet this week," the TV poet admits.

History and Adventure

THE MIGHTY ENDEAVOR by Charles B. MacDonald. 564 pages. Oxford. \$12.50. An Army historian confronts America's World War II role in Europe. His prose is pedestrian, but he has an inexhaustible pipeline to fresh material on commanders and command decisions.

SONS OF SINBAD by Alan Villiers. 414 pages. Scribner. \$7.95. Splendid reprint (from 1940), telling how Villiers sailed aboard Arab dhows in the Indian Ocean to learn the sea ways of a dying trade. Knowledgeable, occasionally eloquent, but mainly for those who really want to tell a boom from a jalloot.

CAPTAINS WITHOUT EYES by Lyman B. Kirkpatrick Jr. 303 pages. Macmillan. \$6.95. Military intelligence failures during World War II—from the German invasion of Russia to the Battle of the Bulge—unstartlingly re-examined by an ex-CIA man. The book might well have been terminated with extreme prejudice.

CITIZEN SAILORS: THE U.S. NAVAL RESERVE IN WAR AND PEACE by William R. Kreh. 270 pages. McKay. \$6.95. One half reads like a recruiting poster. The other, more interesting, tells how the Navy has adapted its tactics to the war in Viet Nam, where large ships are superfluous.

THE GREAT BETRAYAL by Audrie Girdner and Anne Loftis. 562 pages. Macmillan. \$12.50. A thoroughly documented report—often with painfully fascinating first-person accounts—of the disgraceful detention and harassment of the American Japanese during World War II, and the painfully slow restitution afterward.

ADOLF HITLER—FACES OF A DICTATOR, text and captions by Jochen von Lang; introduction by Constantine FitzGibbon. Unpag. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$6.75. Morbidly fascinating photographs with a sensible text.

TUDOR CORNWALL: PORTRAIT OF A SOCIETY by A. L. Rowse. 462 pages. Scribner. \$8.95. A professional Cornishman and famous Elizabethan scholar turns his home county into a microcosm to assess the Tudor reformation of England.

LIFE AND LEISURE IN ANCIENT ROME by J.P.V.D. Balsdon. 463 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$8.95. An orgy of trivia, sometimes fascinating but, like most orgies, ultimately stupefying.

THE BRITISH IN THE FAR EAST by George Woodcock. 259 pages. Atheneum. \$12.50. The rise and fall of the Raj in the Far East, from Drake and the daring empire builders to the well-tailored businessmen who run Hong Kong today. A well-rounded, absorbing, and rarely told tale.

NOTORIOUS LADIES OF THE FRONTIER by Harry Sinclair Drago. 270 pages. Dodd, Mead. \$6. What drove the West wild was ladies named Millie Hippies, Mattie Silks, Mammy Pleasant, M'dame Moustache, Lurline Monte Verdi and Silver Dollar. Carefully chronicled and not a cuss word throughout.

JULIUS CAESAR by Michael Grant. 271 pages, illustrated. McGraw-Hill. \$12.95. *Et tu*, McGraw-Hill!

Religion and Culture

THE RAW AND THE COOKED: INTRODUCTION TO A SCIENCE OF MYTHOLOGY, VOL. 1 by Claude Lévi-Strauss. 387 pages. Harper & Row. \$10. In a book much talked about since its 1964 publication in France, the world's most fascinating social anthropologist studies scores of primitive mythologies, searching for a common code that he hopes will reveal the laws that govern the creative workings of the human mind.

NEW HEAVEN, NEW EARTH by Kenneth Burridge. 191 pages. Schocken Books. \$5.50. The vision of the millennium as a golden age of freedom and affluence is a quasi-religious phenomenon that occurs in decaying cultures. In examining a number of millenary movements among primitive peoples, Anthropologist Burridge observes a quaint custom of the behavioral sciences by elaborating the obvious, painfully.

MEN AND ANGELS by Theodora Ward. 241 pages. Viking. \$7.50. Angelic evolution—from divine messenger to artistic symbol—delicately traced through religion, literature and the dark corners of the human mind.

THE FEAST OF FOOLS by Harvey Cox. 204 pages. Harvard University. \$5.95. A secular theologian urges a return to the medieval facility for joy—as in the current return to dance, mime, jazz and rhythmic movement in worship.

THOSE FABULOUS PHILADELPHIANS by Herbert Kuperberg. 257 pages. Scribner. \$7.95. A chronicle of the Philadelphia Orchestra from turn-of-the-century birth pangs to Eugene Ormandy's reflections on the famed Philadelphia sound ("It's me").

THE APPRECIATION OF THE ARTS (3 vols.): ARCHITECTURE by Sinclair Gauldie. 193 pages. \$8.50; SCULPTURE by L. R. Rogers. 242 pages. \$9.75; DRAWING by Philip Rawson. 322 pages. \$9.75. Oxford. Handsomely produced for smaller coffee tables.

A POSSIBLE THEATRE by Stuart Vaughan. 255 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$6.95. Able Actor-Director Vaughan left Broadway 15 years ago with egocentric force, but this account of his subsequent travels and travails has the prose urgency of a milk train.

Criticism and the Contemporary Scene

THE YEAR OF THE PEOPLE by Eugene J. McCarthy. 323 pages. Doubleday. \$6.95. Though ostensibly about what happened, McCarthy's book is really about the man, his charm, his wit, his occasional smugness, above all his poetic third eye on himself and his surroundings. An unwitting reminder of the 1968 paradox that those seeking cleaner, simpler political truths chose as hero the most complex politician in the nation.

WE WERE THE CAMPAIGN by Ben Stavis. 206 pages. Beacon. \$7.50 (paper,



EUGENE J. MCCARTHY



HANK MESSICK



ANNE LINDBERGH



ALEXANDER WERTH



JOHN KIERAN



J. K. GALBRAITH

\$2.95). A graduate student turned activist provides a nuts-and-bolts report on the other half of the McCarthy phenomenon, the get-clean-for-'Gene' children's crusade."

THE NADER REPORT OF THE FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION by Edward F. Cox, Robert C. Fellmeth and John E. Schulz. 230 pages. Baron. \$5.95. A tell-it-like-it-is indictment of one of Washington's most slovenly agencies. One can only hope that, like the Hardy boys, Ralph Nader's student crusaders will follow up with a full-scale series.

THE LONGEST MILE by Rena Gazaway. 348 pages. Doubleday. \$6.95. A pathetic attempt to do for Appalachia what Agee and Evans did so beautifully for Alabama 28 years ago in *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*.

SYNDICATE ABROAD by Hank Messick. 246 pages. Macmillan. \$5.95. This nononsense, all-business book, the fourth Messick "Syndicate" title in three years, bears down on the Bahamas, wonder drug for February sufferers and haven for the U.S. gamblers and tax-afflicted.

THE GREAT PORT: A PASSAGE THROUGH NEW YORK by James Morris. 223 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$5.95. The well-known Welsh author-traveler tracing the times and tides of a famous city. Though he is given to locutions like "the noble Hudson," it's not a bad book to visit.

THE LONG-WINDED LADY by Maeve Brennan. 238 pages. Morrow. \$6. Collected from *The New Yorker's* "Talk of the Town" section, these bleak reportorial vignettes of life in Manhattan create the impression of a raw private perception struggling against total loneliness: the great city observed by a seeing-eye God.

EARTH SHINE by Anne Morrow Lindbergh. 73 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$5.75. Maundering on about the moon launch and a trip she took to Africa, the author searches for miracles—and too easily finds them. She is much given to expostulation!

ALTERNATIVE IN SOUTHEAST ASIA by Eugene R. Black. 180 pages. Praeger. \$5.95. A prescription for Southeast Asia after Viet Nam by the former head of the World Bank: economic development through regional cooperation.

BRITAIN FACES EUROPE by Robert L. Pfaltzgraff Jr. 288 pages. University of

Pennsylvania. \$6. A dry study of how the private sector in Britain helped shape foreign policy between 1957 and 1967, particularly Britain's assaults on the European Common Market.

THE IDEA OF THE JEWISH STATE by Ben Halpern. 493 pages. Harvard University. \$15. The 19th century European "Jewish problem" was never solved; it just moved to the Middle East. Through the thickets of history and power politics, Halpern maneuvers with rare discernment and objectivity, giving an account of both the Jewish state and its hostile neighbors.

RUSSIA, HOPES AND FEARS by Alexander Werth. 352 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$6.95. The fear is a return "to some fiendish kind of Stalinism." The hope is the liberalization of Soviet society. But Werth, who escaped St. Petersburg as a boy and later served in Moscow as a French correspondent, examines recent Russian history with barely repressible optimism.

THE PLAN-AHEAD COOKBOOK: 300 DELECTABLE WAYS TO USE YOUR LEFT-OVERS by Cecil Dyer. 246 pages. Macmillan. \$5.95. Why don't you go ahead and eat, dear? I'll grab something on the way home.

NORMAN MAILER: THE COUNTDOWN by Donald L. Kaufmann. 190 pages. Southern Illinois University. \$4.95; **THE STRUCTURED VISION OF NORMAN MAILER** by Barry H. Leeds. 270 pages. New York University. \$6.95. Two assistant professors of English establish tenuous positions on the perpetual beachhead that is the imagination of Norman Mailer. Leeds waits anxiously for the Big Novel. Kaufmann, by contrast, wonders whether Mailer's methods will—or even should—catch up with his protean intellect.

ALONE WITH AMERICA by Richard Howard. 594 pages. Atheneum. \$12.95. Too many cross-eyed insights and too much precious jargon detract from an otherwise vast and valuable accounting of American poetry since 1950.

THE MODERN POET edited by Ian Hamilton. 200 pages. Horizon. \$5.95. An Anglo-American anthology of criticism and poetry from a little magazine, *The Review*, including interviews with William Empson and Robert Lowell.

BOOKS I LOVE by John Kieran. 200 pages. Doubleday. \$4.95. Playing the old "books I would take to a desert is-

land" game, the author provides fond essays on his largely predictable choices, and an occasional sharp judgment (Rousseau is "an intellectual sharper"). Information pleasing mainly to readers who prefer Maschfield to Donne, Tennyson and Kipling to Eliot.

Biography and Autobiography

AMBASSADOR'S JOURNAL by John Kenneth Galbraith. 656 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$10. The dreary daily round in New Delhi (1961-63) greatly brightened by dashes of wit, wisdom and sheer vanity. (Reviewed in *TIME*, Oct. 17.)

MALCOLM X: THE MAN AND HIS TIMES edited by John Henrik Clarke. 320 pages. Macmillan. \$7.95. Since his murder, Malcolm X's autobiography has sold close to two million copies, and he has captured the imagination of the young and the black as a martyred leader. This collection of comments by approving observers helps explain why.

HISTORY OF A NATION OF ONE by Jecon Gregory. 228 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$5.95. The barefoot, world wanderings of a 6 ft. English hobo painter. Not as pungent and pandemic as such recollected tales need to be.

NELSON AND THE HAMILTONS by Jack Russell. 448 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$10. A fond, splendidly informative account of the grotesque but genuine love between a blowsy beauty and the small, stinky, one-armed, one-eyed seaman who was England's greatest admiral.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON by Brian Fothergill. 459 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$10. The man cuckolded by Nelson turns out to have been a man of many parts—diplomat, art collector and scientist.

GEORGE W. CABLE: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF A SOUTHERN HERETIC by Louis D. Rubin Jr. 304 pages. Pegasus. \$6.95. Cable was the first post-Civil War novelist to deal forthrightly with racial injustice. This fine biography tells how the controversy that he stirred up turned him from a passionate witness into a confectioner of costume romance.

CASANOVA by John Masters. Illustrated. 302 pages. Geis. \$15. Love's labors labored.

MAX BECKMANN: MEMORIES OF A FRIENDSHIP by Stephan Lackner. 126 pages. University of Miami. \$7.95. The life of the German Expressionist painter presented in a sometimes dull, always informative reminiscence.



The main image is a black and white photograph of a Seagram's V.O. Canadian Whisky bottle, a glass of whisky with ice, and a silver pitcher on a tray. The bottle label features the text: "CANADIAN", "BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE LADY EARL OF ATHOL", "Seagram's V.O.", "CANADIAN WHISKY", "A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES", "DISTILLED, AGED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT", "THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD", "IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY SEAGRAM'S V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY", "SEAGRAM'S V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY", "86.9 PROOF", "SEAGRAM'S V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY". The glass is filled with whisky and ice cubes. The pitcher is silver and has a handle. The tray is silver and has a decorative border.

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